

Old Sleuth Library

THE BRIGANDS OF NEW YORK. By Old Sleuth.

This Number contains a Complete Story, Unchanged and Unabridged.

No. 10

{ SINGLE
NUMBER. }

GEORGE MUNRO, PUBLISHER,
Nos. 17 to 27 VANDEWATER STREET, NEW YORK.

{ PRICE
10 CENTS. }

Vol. I.

Old Sleuth Library, Issued Weekly.—By Subscription, \$20 per annum.
Copyrighted 1885, by George Munro.—Entered at the Post Office at New York at Second Class Rates.—July 24, 1885.
Copyrighted 1873 and 1885, by George Munro.

The Brigands of New York.

By OLD SLEUTH.



The Brigands of New York.

NEW YORK: GEORGE MUNRO, PUBLISHER,
17 TO 27 VANDEWATER STREET.

THE SEASIDE LIBRARY.

POCKET EDITION.

LATE ISSUES.

The following books are for sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address, postage prepaid, by the publisher, on receipt of 12 cents for single numbers, 17 cents for special numbers, and 25 cents for double numbers. Parties wishing the *Pocket Edition* of THE SEASIDE LIBRARY must be careful to mention the Pocket Edition, otherwise the Ordinary Edition will be sent. Address,

GEORGE MUNRO, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater Street, N. Y.

(P. O. Box 8751.)

- | | | | | | |
|---|----|--|----|---|----|
| 139 Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid, The. By Thomas Hardy..... | 10 | 235 "It is Never Too Late to Mend." A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By Charles Reade..... | 20 | 310 Prairie, The. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 24 |
| 140 Glorious Fortune, A. By Walter Besant..... | 10 | 236 Which Shall It Be? By Mrs. Alexander..... | 20 | 311 Two Years Before the Mast. By R. H. Dana, Jr..... | 24 |
| 141 She Loved Him! By Annie Thomas..... | 10 | 237 Repented at Leisure. By the Author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 15 | 312 Week in Killarney. A. By "The Duchess"..... | 14 |
| 142 Jennifer. By Annie Thomas..... | 10 | 238 Pascaline. By "Ouida"..... | 20 | 313 Lover's Creed, The. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey..... | 15 |
| 143 One False, Both Fair. By John B. Harwood..... | 20 | 239 Signa. By "Ouida"..... | 20 | 314 Peril. By Jessie Fothergill..... | 26 |
| 144 Promises of Marriage. By Emile Gaboriau..... | 10 | 240 Called Back. By Hugh Conway..... | 10 | 315 Mistletoe Bough, The. Edited by M. E. Braddon..... | 20 |
| 145 "Storm-Beaten:" God and The Man. By Robert Buchanan..... | 20 | 241 Baby's Grandmother. The. By L. B. Walford..... | 10 | 316 Sworn to Silence; or, Aline Rodney's Secret. By Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller..... | 20 |
| 146 Love Finds the Way, and Other Stories. By Walter Besant and James Rice..... | 10 | 242 Two Orphans, The. By D'Ennery..... | 10 | 317 By Mead and Stream. By Charles Gibbon..... | 20 |
| 147 Rachel Ray. By Anthony Trollope..... | 20 | 243 Tom Burke of "Ours." First half. By Charles Lever..... | 20 | 318 Pioneers, The; or, The Sources of the Susquehanna. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 148 Thorns and Orange-Blossoms. By the Author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 244 Great Mistake, A. By the author of "His Wedded Wife"..... | 20 | 319 Face to Face: A Fact in Seven Fables. By R. E. Francillon..... | 10 |
| 149 Captain's Daughter, The. From the Russian of Pushkin..... | 10 | 245 Miss Tommy. By Miss Mulock..... | 10 | 320 Bit of Human Nature, A. By David Christie Murray..... | 10 |
| 150 For Himself Alone. By T. W. Speight..... | 10 | 246 Fatal Dowry, A. By the Author of "His Wedded Wife"..... | 10 | 321 Prodigals, The: And Their Inheritance. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 10 |
| 151 Duet Diamonds, The. By C. Blatherwick..... | 10 | 247 Armourer's Prentices, The. By Charlotte M. Yonge..... | 10 | 322 Woman's Love-Story, A..... | 10 |
| 152 Uncommercial Traveler, The. By Chas. Dickens..... | 20 | 248 House on the Marsh, The. By F. Warden..... | 10 | 323 Willful Maid, A..... | 20 |
| 153 Golden Calf, The. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... | 20 | 249 "Prince Charlie's Daughter." By the Author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 324 In Luck at Last. By Walter Besant..... | 10 |
| 154 Annan Water. By Robert Buchanan..... | 20 | 250 Sunshine and Roses; or, Diana's Discipline. By the Author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 325 Portent, The. By George MacDonald..... | 10 |
| 155 Lady Muriel's Secret. By Jean Middlemass..... | 20 | 251 Daughter of the Stars, The, and Other Tales. By Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back"..... | 10 | 326 Phantasies. A Faerie Romance for Men and Women. By George MacDonald..... | 10 |
| 156 "For a Dream's Sake." By Mrs. Herbert Martin..... | 20 | 252 Sinless Secret, A. By "Rita"..... | 10 | 327 Raymond's Atonement. (From the German of E. Werner.) By Christina Tyrell..... | 20 |
| 157 Milly's Hero. By F. W. Robinson..... | 20 | 253 Amazon, The. By Carl Vosmaer..... | 10 | 328 Babiolo, the Pretty Milliner. (Translated from the French of Fortuné Du Boisgobey.) First half..... | 20 |
| 158 Starling, The. By Norman Macleod, D.D..... | 10 | 254 Wife's Secret, and Fair but False, The. By the Author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 328 Babiolo, the Pretty Milliner. (Translated from the French of Fortuné Du Boisgobey.) 2d half..... | 20 |
| 159 Moment of Madness, A, and Other Stories. By Florence Marryat..... | 10 | 255 Mystery, The. By Mrs. Henry Wood..... | 15 | 329 Polish Jew, The. (Translated from the French by Caroline A. Merigil.) By Erckmann-Chatrain..... | 10 |
| 160 Her Gentle Deeds. By Sarah Tytler..... | 10 | 256 Mr. Smith: A Part of His Life. By L. B. Walford..... | 15 | 330 May Blossom; or, Between Two Loves. By Margaret Lee..... | 20 |
| 161 Lady of Lyons, The. Founded on the Play of that title by Lord Lytton..... | 10 | 257 Beyond Recall. By Adeline Sergeant..... | 10 | 331 Gerald. By Eleanor C. Price..... | 20 |
| 162 Eugene Aram. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton..... | 20 | 258 Cousins. By L. B. Walford..... | 20 | 332 Judith Wynne..... | 20 |
| 163 Winifred Power. By Joyce Darrell..... | 20 | 259 Bride of Monte-Cristo, The. A Sequel to "The Count of Monte-Cristo." By Alex. Dumas..... | 10 | 333 Frank Fairleigh; or, Scenes From the Life of a Private Pupil. By Frank E. Smedley..... | 20 |
| 164 Lella; or, The Siege of Grenada. Bulwer Lytton..... | 10 | 260 Proper Pride. By B. M. Croker..... | 10 | 334 Marriage of Convenience, A. By Harriett Jay..... | 10 |
| 165 History of Henry Esmond, The. By William Makepeace Thackeray..... | 20 | 261 Fair Maid, A. By F. W. Robinson..... | 20 | 335 White Witch, The..... | 20 |
| 166 Moonshine and Marguerites. By "The Duchess"..... | 20 | 262 Count of Monte-Cristo, The. Part I. By Alexander Dumas..... | 20 | 336 Philistia. By Cecil Power..... | 20 |
| 167 Heart and Science. By Wilkie Collins..... | 20 | 263 Count of Monte-Cristo, The. Part II. By Alexander Dumas..... | 20 | 337 Memoirs and Resolutions of Adam Graeme of Mossgray, including some Chronicles of the Borough of Fendie. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 20 |
| 168 No Thoroughfare. By Dickens and Collins..... | 10 | 264 Piédouche, a French Detective. By Fortuné Du Boisgobey..... | 10 | 338 Family Difficulty, The. By Sarah Doudney..... | 10 |
| 169 Haunted Man, The. By Charles Dickens..... | 20 | 265 Judith Shakespeare: Her Love Affairs and Other Adventures. By William Black..... | 15 | 339 Mrs. Vereker's Courier Maid. By Mrs. Alexander..... | 10 |
| 170 Great Treason, A. By Mary Hoppus..... | 20 | 266 Water-Babies, The. A Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley..... | 10 | 340 Under Which King? By Compton Reade..... | 20 |
| 171 Fortune's Wheel. By "The Duchess"..... | 20 | 267 Laurel Vane; or, The Girls' Conspiracy. By Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller..... | 20 | 341 Madolin Rivers; or, The Little Beauty of Red Oak Seminary. By Laura Jean Libbey..... | 20 |
| 172 "Golden Girls." By Alan Muir..... | 20 | 268 Lady Gray's Pride; or, The Miser's Treasure. By Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller..... | 20 | 342 Baby, The, and One New Year's Eve. By "The Duchess"..... | 10 |
| 173 Foreigners, The. By Eleanor C. Price..... | 20 | 269 Lancaster's Choice. Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller..... | 20 | 343 Talk of the Town, The. By James Payn..... | 20 |
| 174 Under a Ban. By Mrs. Lodge..... | 20 | 270 Wandering Jew, The. Part I. By Eugene Sue..... | 20 | 344 "Wearing of the Green, The." By Basil..... | 20 |
| 175 Love's Random Shot. By Wilkie Collins..... | 20 | 271 Wandering Jew, The. Part II. By Eugene Sue..... | 20 | 345 Madam. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 20 |
| 176 An April Day. By Philippa Prittie Jepson..... | 10 | 272 Mysteries of Paris, The. Part I. By Eugene Sue..... | 20 | 346 Tumbledown Farm. By Alan Muir..... | 10 |
| 177 Salem Chapel. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 20 | 273 Mysteries of Paris, The. Part II. By Eugene Sue..... | 20 | 347 As Avon Flows. By Henry Scott Vence..... | 20 |
| 178 More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands. By Queen Victoria..... | 10 | 274 Little Savage, The. By Captain Marryat..... | 10 | 348 From Post to Finish. A Racing Romance. By Hawley Smart..... | 20 |
| 179 Little Make-Believe. By B. L. Farjeon..... | 10 | 275 Love and Mirage; or, The Waiting on an Island. By M. Betham-Edwards..... | 10 | 349 Two Admirals, The. A Tale of the Sea. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 180 Round the Galley Fire. By W. Clark Russell..... | 10 | 276 Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. Biographical Sketch and Letters..... | 10 | 350 Diana of the Crossways. By George Meredith..... | 20 |
| 181 New Abelard, The. By Robert Buchanan..... | 20 | 277 Three Brides, The. By Charlotte M. Yonge..... | 10 | 351 House on the Moor, The. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 20 |
| 182 Millionaire, The..... | 20 | 278 Under the Lilies and Roses. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Francis Lean)..... | 10 | 352 At Any Cost. By Edward Garrett..... | 10 |
| 183 Old Contrairy, and Other Stories. By Florence Marryat..... | 10 | 279 Surgeon's Daughters, The. By Mrs. Henry Wood. A Man of His Word. By W. E. Norris..... | 10 | 353 Black Dwarf, The, and A Legend of Montrose. By Sir Walter Scott..... | 20 |
| 184 Thirlby Hall. By W. E. Norris..... | 20 | 280 For Life and Love. By Alison..... | 10 | 354 Lottery of Life, The. A Story of New York Twenty Years Ago. By John Brougham..... | 20 |
| 185 Dita. By Lady Margaret Majendie..... | 10 | 281 Little Goldie: A Story of Woman's Love. By Mrs. Sumner Hayden..... | 20 | 355 That Terrible Man. By W. E. Norris. The Princess Dagomar of Poland. By Heinrich Felbermann..... | 10 |
| 186 Canon's Ward, The. By James Payn..... | 20 | 282 Omnia Vanitas. A Tale of Society. By Mrs. Forrester..... | 10 | 356 Good Hater, A. By Frederick Boyle..... | 20 |
| 187 Midnight Sun, The. By Fredrika Bremer..... | 10 | 283 Squire's Legacy, The. By Mary Cecil Hay..... | 15 | 357 John. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 20 |
| 188 Idonea. By Anne Beale..... | 20 | 284 Donal Grant. By George MacDonald..... | 15 | 358 Within the Clasp. By J. Berwick Harwood..... | 20 |
| 189 Valerie's Fate. By Mrs. Alexander..... | 5 | 285 Sin of a Lifetime, The. By the Author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 359 Water-Witch, The. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 190 Romance of a Black Veil. By the Author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 286 Doris. By "The Duchess"..... | 10 | 360 Ropes of Sand. By R. E. Francillon..... | 20 |
| 191 Harry Lorrequer. By Charles Lever..... | 15 | 287 Iron Hand, The. By F. Warden..... | 20 | 361 Red Rover, The. A Tale of the Sea. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 192 At the World's Mercy. By F. Warden..... | 15 | 288 At War With Herself. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 362 Bride of Lammermoor, The. By Sir Walter Scott..... | 20 |
| 193 Rosely Folk, The. By G. Manville Fenn..... | 10 | 289 From Gloom to Sunlight. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 363 Surgeon's Daughter, The. By Sir Walter Scott..... | 10 |
| 194 "So Near, and Yet So Far!" By Alison..... | 10 | 290 John Bull's Neighbor in Her True Light. By a "Brutal Saxon"..... | 10 | 364 Castle Dangerous. By Sir Walter Scott..... | 10 |
| 195 "Way of the World, The." By David Christie Murray..... | 15 | 291 Nora's Love Test. By Mary Cecil Hay..... | 20 | 365 George Christy; or, The Fortunes of a Minstrel. By Tony Pastor..... | 20 |
| 196 Hidden Perils. By Mary Cecil Hay..... | 10 | 292 Love's Warfare. By author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 366 Mysterious Hunter, The; or, The Man of Death. By Capt. L. C. Carleton..... | 20 |
| 197 For Her Dear Sake. By Mary Cecil Hay..... | 20 | 293 Golden Heart, A. By author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 367 Tie and Trick. By Hawley Smart..... | 20 |
| 198 Husband's Story, A..... | 20 | 294 Shadow of a Sin, The. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 368 Southern Star, The; or, The Diamond Land. By Jules Verne..... | 20 |
| 199 Fisher Village, The. By Anne Beale..... | 10 | 295 Hilda. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 369 Miss Bretherton. By Mrs. Humphry Ward..... | 10 |
| 200 An Old Man's Love. By Anthony Trollope..... | 10 | 296 Woman's War, A. By author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 370 Lucy Crofton. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 10 |
| 201 Monastery, The. By Sir Walter Scott..... | 20 | 297 Rose in Thorns, A. By author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 371 Margaret Maitland. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 20 |
| 202 Abbot, The. By Sir Walter Scott..... | 20 | 298 Hilary's Folly. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 372 Phyllis' Probation. By the author of "His Wedded Wife"..... | 10 |
| 203 John Bull and His Island. By Max O'Rell..... | 10 | 299 Mitchellhurst Place. By Margaret Veley..... | 10 | 373 Wing and Wing. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 204 Vixen. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... | 15 | 300 Fatal Lilies, The, and A Bride from the Sea. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 374 Dead Man's Secret, The. By Dr. Jupiter Paeon..... | 20 |
| 205 Minister's Wife, The. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 20 | 301 Gilded Sin, and A Bridge of Love, A. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 375 Ride to Khiva, A. By Capt. Fred Burnaby..... | 20 |
| 206 Picture, The, and Jack of All Trades. By Charles Reade..... | 10 | 302 Dark Days. By Hugh Conway..... | 10 | 376 Crime of Christmas Day, The. By the author of "My Ducats and My Daughter"..... | 10 |
| 207 Pretty Miss Neville. By B. M. Croker..... | 15 | 303 Blatchford Bequest, The. By Hugh Conway..... | 10 | 377 Magdalen Hepburn: A Story of the Scottish Reformation. By Mrs. Oliphant..... | 20 |
| 208 Ghost of Charlotte Cray, The, and Other Stories. By Florence Marryat..... | 10 | 304 Ingledew House, and More Bitter than Death. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 378 Homeward Bound; or, The Chase. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 209 John Holdsworth, Chief Mate. By W. Clark Russell..... | 10 | 305 In Cupid's Net. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 379 Home as Found. (Sequel to "Homeward Bound.") By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 210 Readiana: Comments on Current Events. By Charles Reade..... | 10 | 306 Dead Heart, and Lady Gwendoline's Dream, A. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 380 Wyandotte; or, The Huttet Knoll. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 211 Octocon, The..... | 10 | 307 Golden Dawn, and Love for a Day, A. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 381 Red Cardinal, The. By Frances Elliot..... | 10 |
| 212 Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragon. By Charles Lever. [Complete in one volume]..... | 30 | 308 Two Kisses, and Like no Other Love. By the author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | 382 Three Sisters. By Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling..... | 10 |
| 213 Terrible Temptation, A. By Charles Reade..... | 15 | 309 Beyond Pardon..... | 20 | 383 Introduced to Society. By Hamilton Aldé..... | 10 |
| 214 Put Yourself in His Place. By Charles Reade..... | 20 | 309 Pathfinder, The. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 | 384 On Horseback Through Asia Minor. By Captain Fred Burnaby..... | 20 |
| 215 Not Like Other Girls. By Rosa Nouchette Carey..... | 15 | | | 385 The Headsman; or, The Abbaye des Vignerons. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 216 Foul Play. By Charles Reade..... | 15 | | | 386 Led Astray; or, "La Petite Comtesse." By Octave Feuillet..... | 10 |
| 217 Man She Cared For, The. By F. W. Robinson..... | 15 | | | 387 Secret of the Cliffs, The. By Charlotte French..... | 20 |
| 218 Agnes Sorel. By G. P. R. James..... | 15 | | | 388 Addie's Husband; or, Through Clouds to Sunshine. By the author of "Love or Lands?"..... | 10 |
| 219 Lady Clare; or, The Master of the Forges. From the French of Georges Ohnet..... | 15 | | | 389 Ichabod. A Portrait. By Bertha Thomas..... | 10 |
| 220 Which Loved Him Best? By the Author of "Dora Thorne"..... | 10 | | | 390 Mildred Trevanion. By "The Duchess"..... | 10 |
| 221 Comin' Thro' the Rye. By Helen B. Mathers..... | 15 | | | 391 The Heart of Mid-Lothian. By Sir Walter Scott..... | 20 |
| 222 Sun-Maid, The. By Miss Grant..... | 15 | | | 392 Peveril of the Peak. By Sir Walter Scott..... | 20 |
| 223 Sailor's Sweetheart, A. By W. Clark Russell..... | 15 | | | 393 The Pirate. By Sir Walter Scott..... | 20 |
| 224 Arundel Motto, The. By Mary Cecil Hay..... | 10 | | | 394 The Bravo. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 225 Giant's Robe, The. By F. Anstey..... | 15 | | | 395 The Archipelago on Fire. By Jules Verne..... | 16 |
| 226 Friendship. By "Ouida"..... | 20 | | | 396 Robert Ord's Atonement. By Rosa Nouchette Carey..... | 20 |
| 227 Nancy. By Rhoda Broughton..... | 15 | | | 397 Lionel Lincoln; or, The Leaguer of Boston. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 228 Princess Napraxine. By "Ouida"..... | 20 | | | 398 Matt: A Tale of a Caravan. By Robert Buchanan..... | 10 |
| 229 Maid, Wife, or Widow? By Mrs. Alexander..... | 10 | | | 399 Miss Brown. By Vernon Lee..... | 20 |
| 230 Dorothy Forster. By Walter Besant..... | 15 | | | 400 The Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish. By J. Fenimore Cooper..... | 20 |
| 231 Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By Charles Reade..... | 15 | | | | |
| 232 Love and Money; or, A Perilous Secret. By Charles Reade..... | 10 | | | | |
| 233 "I Say No;" or, The Love-Letter Answered. By Wilkie Collins..... | 15 | | | | |
| 234 Barbara; or, Splendid Misery. By Miss M. E. Braddon..... | 15 | | | | |

Old Sleuth Library

THE BRIGANDS OF NEW YORK. By Old Sleuth.

This Number contains a Complete Story, Unchanged and Unabridged.

No. 10

{ SINGLE
NUMBER. }

GEORGE MUNRO, PUBLISHER,
Nos. 17 to 27 VANDEWATER STREET, NEW YORK.

{ PRICE
10 CENTS. }

Vol. I.

Old Sleuth Library, Issued Weekly.—By Subscription, \$20 per annum.
Copyrighted 1885, by George Munro.—Entered at the Post Office at New York at Second Class Rates.—July 24, 1885.
Copyrighted 1873 and 1885, by George Munro.

The Brigands of New York.

By OLD SLEUTH.

CHAPTER I.

"Don't move or speak, or, beautiful as thou art, I'll plunge this knife in thy fair bosom, and hush thy voice forever!"

It was a man who spoke. A black mask covered his face to the chin. In one hand he held a dark lantern, in the other a glittering knife. He was standing in an elegantly furnished bedroom, beside a richly draped couch, whereon reclined a beautiful and youthful maiden. The burglar, for such his unwarranted presence in that room, supplemented by his disguise and threatening attitude, proclaimed him, was evidently of a different type from those who generally follow this perilous, but wicked, vocation. His clothes were of the finest material, evidently cut and fitted by an artistic tradesman. His slippered feet were small and shapely—the hands which held the lantern and the murderous knife, fair and soft; and his voice, when he uttered the horrid threat, was not gruff, neither was his accent vulgar. Although he spoke in low, firm tones, they were soft, and sweetly modulated.

For an instant he stood over the beautiful and frightened girl. A pair of fierce eyes glittered through the mask, while the aroused sleeper, as though held by some terrible fascination, gazed straight at them. It was a striking tableau; more intensely so, because of the fearful peril which threatened one of them.

Again the burglar spoke:

"Promise me," he said, in the same low, musical, but manly voice, "that you will not make an outcry, and you are perfectly safe."

The room was shrouded in darkness, except the narrow gleam of light which shot from the partially opened masked lamp of the speaker. There was an instant's silence. At length the lips of the maiden moved, but her lips only, the balance of her form remained as rigid as though frozen in death. She said:

"Why have you come here? What is it you want?"

"That which you can most readily spare," replied the robber. "You are rich, I am poor. I want your jewels; where are they?"

"How do you know that I have any jewels?"

"I saw them glittering in all their splendor upon your person, less than two hours ago."

"Then you were present in this house as one of my uncle's guests?"

"Yes."

"What terrible need has driven you to attempt the commission of such a terrible crime as midnight robbery, and threatened murder?"

"Under ordinary circumstances, Miss Dutay, I would esteem it a privilege to argue motives and causes. As it is, time presses. Have I your promise?"

"One question. Is it a momentary need which drives you to the commission of this dreadful crime?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because, if it is, I will save you from yourself."

"How?"

"By making you a present of my jewels."

For a moment the burglar made no reply. A slight quiver of emotion trembled over his frame. At length he said:

"You are an angel—but I can not accept them as a gift. Were this my first crime, I would think that Heaven had interposed to rescue me from a life of villainy. Miss Dutay, I can not wipe out the past—I have been a thief from my boyhood."

"Oh God!" murmured the fair girl, as her beautiful eyes were dimmed with tears, "would to Heaven this had been your first crime, and that I could have saved you!"

"Had I seen you, Adele Dutay, before I became a criminal, a thought of crime would never have entered my head. But save your sympathy—for once I'll speak the truth. I am a thorough rascal. At present, my needs are desperate. Were they a thousand times more so, I would not steal your jewels, if I did not know that their value to you were a mere bagatelle. To receive them as a gift would be a mockery."

"What is your name?" inquired Miss Dutay, suddenly.

"I would be a silly robber to betray my identity."

"You need not fear—I will not betray you, but would mingle your name with my prayers."

"Do not pollute your lips with my name, nor ever think of me again. There is but one weak

spot in my heart—I once had a sister, and you resemble her."

"And could she not save you from a life of crime?"

"In trying to save me, she sacrificed her life. But no more. Give me your promise that you will not make an outcry. Time presses, and I would not, if possible, have more blood upon my hands."

"And if I made an outcry, would you murder me?"

"No, not you—but any one who should oppose my egress from this house. I am merciless. Within a few moments I have learned that there is one life that I could spare, if it stood between me and my projects. It is yours."

"I think you belie yourself; your very frankness would indicate a nobler nature."

"Then it's the first time that I have done or said anything that could be called noble."

As the last word fell from the burglar's lips, an elegant little French clock, which stood upon the marble mantel, tinkled a premonitory alarm, then chimed in silvery tones, one, two, three. At the last stroke, the burglar stepped from beside the bed, and muttered:

"'Tis an hour later than I thought. I have not a moment to spare. Miss Dutay, I have your promise; where are the jewels?"

"You will find them all in that little casket, upon yonder dressing-table; take casket and all, and begone."

The robber stepped across the room in the direction indicated, when Adele Dutay quickly rose up in her bed, turned on the gas at a bracket just above her head, seized a match from a delicately carved stand which stood at the head of her bedstead, struck it deftly, and quickly thrust the fluttering lucifer over the current of gas—and in an instant the room was flooded with a brilliant light. The thief had just reached forward to seize the casket, when the blaze of light burst upon him. With a smothered curse, he turned about suddenly. As he did so, for an instant, the mask was jerked partly aside, and Adele caught an instant's glimpse of a part of the villain's face.

"O Heaven!" she screamed; "it's Edgar!" and fell back insensible upon the pillow.

The robber returned quickly beside her. One

glance convinced him of her condition. Instinctively he seized a bottle which stood upon the stand beside her, sprinkled a portion of its contents upon her face; then cast the bottle upon the bed; turned off the gas; sprung across the room; seized the casket, and made for the door; but ere he put his hand upon the knob, it flew open, and the outlines of a man were revealed. For an instant, the robber recoiled, then quickly sprung forward. An arm rose and fell with a rapid motion; a deep groan burst as though from suffering lips, and was succeeded by a heavy fall.

"I would have avoided this, but must not be taken!" exclaimed the burglar, as he leaped over the prostrate and writhing form which had fallen across the doorway, partly into the room, passed along the hall, and glided swiftly down the stairs, as a succession of fearful shrieks echoed in his rear.

CHAPTER II.

THE light of day was just streaking the eastern horizon, when a young man, about thirty years of age, stepped off the front platform of an Eighth Avenue car, and passed down one of the up-town streets that cross the city from river to river. Proceeding to about the middle of the block, he turned and passed up the stoop of one of a row of handsome houses, produced a night key, admitted himself, and speeding lightly up the stairs to the second floor, passed to the front-room door, and entered without knocking. As he closed the door behind him, a slight rustling was heard upon an elegantly carved bedstead, and a female voice inquired, drowsily:

"Is that you, Tom?"

"Yes; who else would it be?" was the impatient reply; and stepping to the window, the last speaker raised the heavy crimson curtains, and let in the morning light. The room was handsomely furnished, but it was evident that the genius of order did not preside there. Everything was scattered about in confusion. Several elegant dresses were thrown over as many chairs, and everything betokened careless extravagance.

As the man raised the window shade, the occupant of the bed, whom the light just admitted showed to be a handsome woman, with delicate and refined, but dissipated features, rose to a sitting posture, and said:

"What luck, Tom? did you make a raise?"

"Did you ever know me to fail? Look at this." He thrust his hand into the inner pocket of his coat, and drew forth an elegant casket, raised the lid, took from it a necklace, which glittered and sparkled with rarest gems, and holding it up before the woman's face, he continued:

"What do you think of that for a raise?"

An exclamation of surprise and delight burst from the woman's lips as she reached forth her hand to take it, and said:

"Ain't it beautiful! it's worth thousands! Tom, you're a brick to bring me such a present as this."

"Present, Lottie! I guess you're sick to think I could afford to make you such a present as that. No, no, birdie, it came from one uncle, and it's going to another in exchange for a little ready duplex, as soon as I can get it there safely."

"It came from one uncle; what do you mean?"

"I saw it upon a lady's neck last night. I was present at her uncle's house—a man who could well afford to buy a dozen like it for his niece, if he wanted to. After the party the fair niece made me a present of it."

An angry flush mantled the woman's pale features, and a wicked glitter brightened her eyes, as she said, sneeringly:

"Some bony, parchment-skinned old maid wore this, then; and you, instead of stealing it, like a man, beguiled it from her with honeyed words of flattery. I thought you were a gay brigand, not a sneak."

"A scrawny old maid, was she?" replied Tom, with a tantalizing laugh; "if she was an old maid, you must be a grandmother; if I'm a judge, she was not more than eighteen, and I know you're twenty-eight. And as to parchment skin, pshaw! yours at infancy was coarse and tough compared to what hers is now."

"You're lying now, Tom; you want to tantalize me, but you can not do it. No young and beautiful girl would be deceived by such a tongue as yours."

"Well, have it your own way; the gems are beautiful, ain't they?"

"Yes; but did you tell me the truth about their former owner? Was she beautiful, too?"

"Yes, as these gems are proportionately more beautiful than glass imitations, the dear girl that gave them to me is more beautiful than you."

"She is, is she?" and as Lottie spoke she dashed the costly necklace spitefully upon the floor, and added, with a low, hissing utterance: "That praise from you will cost her her life!"

"Oh! I guess not," replied Tom, carelessly. "You're a fool!"

"No, I am not a fool in the way you mean. I was a fool once, when I allowed you to beguile me from a home of innocence, and make me the wife of a criminal; and I'm a fool for still loving that criminal, after discovering that his love for me had died out. But I do love him, and I tell you, Tom, my love is so intense that I would take your life, or that of a rival's, and glory in the deed!"

"Well, well, Lottie, we've had enough of romancing. I've got no idea of going back on you. I never saw the owner of these gems before to-night; and when she first saw me, it was when she awakened out of a sleep, and I was standing over her, with a dark-lantern in one hand, and a knife in the other, telling her that if she moved or spoke I'd plunge the knife in her bosom. Those were not honeyed words of flattery, neither was my attitude and position one to inspire love. I stole the gems, Lottie, although the maid would have given them to me, piously thinking it was my first crime. But, ha, ha, ha! old gal, you and I know better. There isn't a hair of my head that isn't a record of some piece of villainy, so don't you get jealous. Things are all right."

"Tom, you are an awful villain. But all the acts of your life combined, would not be as villainous as your desertion of me!"

"That's so, sis; but that ain't a 'brace' I'm 'laying out' for yet; you and I are too useful to each other to tug on opposite ends of a life-line."

"We're an odd pair, Tom, at best; and I shouldn't wonder if there was a special hell for us."

"I suppose so; but we pay our debts, if we do steal the money to do it with, don't we? How about the old friz curls down-stairs? Did she make another assault on you after your promenade yesterday afternoon?"

"You bet she did; and she's a shrewder old woman than we gave her credit for. She unmasked her tongue batteries last night, and talked about swindlers and police."

"Well, eight hundred dollars is a pretty big bill to stand the old woman up on, and we'll have to raise the lead on these baubles to-day, and square up with her. I don't want to change our quarters just now, and I don't want to bring these man-hunters on my track."

The foregoing conversation had been carried on in a low tone. During the latter part of it, the woman had risen from the bed and robed herself. As Tom gave utterance to the last remark, she was stepping by him to go toward the mirror, when she stopped suddenly and exclaimed, while a deathly pallor overspread her countenance:

"Why, Tom, there's blood on you!"

"It would be strange if there wasn't," replied Tom, coolly.

For an instant Lottie stood and gazed at him; then she said slowly:

"The price of these, then, was blood! Whose was it—the young girl's?"

"No; the girl promised not to scream. She broke her promise, and the way of escape was barred by the form of a man. I couldn't be captured, and I had no time for a struggle. I plunged my knife in his heart, leaped over his struggling body and escaped amidst the terror and shrieks of the other inmates of the house."

"Then we ought to fly—we're liable to be run down!"

"No, we're safe enough; my tracks are well covered."

"You intimated that there was a party there, and you mingled with the guests?"

"Yes."

"You said that young lady promised not to scream, and broke her promise?"

"Yes."

"Well, maybe the reason she screamed was because she caught a glimpse of your face, and recognized you as one of the guests of the evening?"

"I guess that was the reason she screamed. She lit the gas suddenly, and as I turned quickly, the mask was partly jerked off of my face for an instant, and, probably, she recognized me."

"And you are liable to be arrested at any moment?"

"No, I ain't."

"Why not?"

"Because she was the only one that saw my face."

"Then she will be the one to describe your appearance."

"Never! she would die first."

"There's something mysterious about this, Tom."

"Yes, there is, sis; and this mystery is your husband's salvation. But I'll change the color of my skin, and not show myself for awhile, only after dark, so as to be on the safe side."

"We can raise money enough on these to fly somewhere else."

"No, no, Lottie, New York's the best place in the world for a thief, especially if he has got money. The cash we can lift on the gems will raise me enough to have the tools made for the gang. If we have good luck when we skip to the other side of the Atlantic, we'll have enough to settle down. Did you see any of the gang yesterday?"

"Yes; I saw Nevins."

"What did he have to say?"

"He wanted to borrow a fiver. He said he'd been living on free lunches for a week."

"I suppose so. Well, we'll fare better—we'll have our breakfast sent up this morning. You can tell old friz curls that the draft came to hand yesterday, and as soon as I can get it cashed, I'll pay her that little bagatelle. Come, pay her a visit, Lottie. I'm getting hungry."

As the woman left the room, Tom took off his coat, and threw himself upon the bed, and lay there looking up toward the ceiling, with his eyes wide open, but with an intelligent expression, as though revolving something in his mind. While he lies there, we judge it a good opportunity to make our readers acquainted with his personal appearance.

Tom Redway was a remarkably handsome man. Nature had not cast his face in the mold of a criminal: but on the contrary, his fine, well-cut features were illuminated by a pair of handsome blue eyes, whose ordinary expression was kindly and pleasant, yet when excited or maddened, they became perfectly lurid, and fairly snapped with a fierce light. His hair was a genuine auburn. His stature not large, but lithe and well-knit, and as vigorous and elastic as whip-cord. He wore a heavy mustache of a color a shade between a sandy and blonde; while a short, fine crop of side whiskers, a shade darker than his mustache, ornamented the side of his face. His complexion was clear and healthy; for, villain as he was, he was not a debauchee, nor an immoderate drinker. On the contrary, he was peculiarly abstemious. Withal, he was a man of striking appearance, and possessed personal peculiarities which individualized him to a remarkable degree.

For some time after the departure of his wife, he lay quietly thinking; but at length muttered audibly:

"Yes, it is strange, but I suppose it is another of these mysteries which have before come across my career. In fact, my whole life has been a mystery. I am a mystery to myself. I guess I am a kind of animal. It doesn't seem to me as though I belonged to the human family at all. If I am human, I only resemble my species in my love for enjoyment and ease. I know I have no conscience, for I never had but one regret, and that was connected with my sister; and it's strange what a singular effect the looks and voice of that Adele Dutay had upon me. There is a resemblance, and yet she is far more beautiful than my sister was. Well, well, I can't help it. Fate fixed my birth and superintended my education—Fate must fix my death; I repudiate all responsibility."

At this instant, Lottie re-entered the room.

"What did she say, Lottie?"

"She don't put much faith in the draft story, but our breakfast will be up shortly; but no money, no supper, I guess is her last resolve."

"Well, Miss Strongnerves, I guess we can manage the money; but you must strike a strange pawnbroker. Visit one of your uncles whom you have never seen before; and as to the tale you are to tell him, I will leave that to you. You are a better romancist than I."

Two hours later, Lottie Redway, with the

jewels in her possession, issued forth to visit several "uncles," as her husband called them, little dreaming that at one of the pawnshops she was to meet the Nemesis who in the end would run her and her handsome but villainous husband to the death.

CHAPTER III.

"We don't take anything in as valuable as this, lady," whispered the pawnbroker, under his breath, to a heavily veiled lady who stood in one of the booths partitioned off from the rest of the office.

"I want to enter these under special contract," replied the veiled woman, in a low, guarded tone of voice.

The dark, handsome face of the money-lender was turned partly away, as he gave her a significant wink, and, by a voiceless motion of his lips, attempted to convey a signal to her; and in an instant he had the satisfaction of knowing that his warning had been understood.

In a loud tone, the woman remarked:

"I thought it was customary to advance twenty-five dollars. This ring is worth a hundred, at least, and twenty-five is all I require."

While speaking, she had slipped a ring from her finger, and held it toward the money-lender; at the same time she skillfully concealed the costly diamond necklace which she had previously tendered him.

"Well, if you only want twenty-five dollars, I guess I can accommodate you. I thought you wanted more."

Taking the ring from her hand, the pawnbroker passed behind the counter in the front of his shop, and openly examined the ring, pretending not to be aware that a pair of calm, gray eyes, belonging to a fine looking young man who stood in the outer office, was watching every movement. But this seeming indifference was all assumed. The money-broker at a glance had recognized the official character of the young man, upon observing him enter, at the very moment the veiled lady exposed the costly jewels; and that was the reason he turned so suddenly and conveyed the pantomimic signal—and it was also the reason of his present ostentatious examination of the comparatively valueless ring. He knew the eyes of the detective were upon him—he had shrewdly guessed upon the instant that the officer was upon the track of the veiled lady; and there were many reasons why he wished to throw him off the track. Firstly, personal safety was a motive; he would not, even for the value of the jewels, have them discovered in his possession. Secondly, he knew that his timely warning would enable him to drive a far better bargain upon some future occasion, if the woman was successful in eluding the detective.

"I guess that's a genuine stone," remarked the money-lender, holding the ring toward the officer.

"Yes," replied the detective, dryly, as he held it up to the light.

"I think I'd be safe in advancing twenty-five on that?"

The detective paid no attention to this last remark of the money-broker, but leaned over carelessly upon the counter, then fastening his clear, gray eye upon him, he said in a low whisper:

"Do you know that woman, Moss?" and he pointed toward the booth where the veiled lady still remained.

Moss nodded his head and winked knowingly, seemingly implying: "Yes, I know her, that's all right."

"Who is she?" inquired the officer, in the same low tone.

"I will tell you after she's gone," whispered Moss, who, during the foregoing brief colloquy, had made out the duplicate pawn-tickets, and was now counting out the amount of the loan.

"I don't mean her to go just yet. I wish to have a little talk with her."

The pawnbroker beckoned to the officer to come toward the front of the store, and reaching over and placing his mouth close to the other's ear, he said:

"That is the wife of —," naming a prominent and influential politician.

"Do you know that to be a fact, Moss?"

"Upon my honor. I assure you, I know that is Mrs. —."

The detective appeared lost in thought for a moment, but said at length:

"Didn't she offer you something else at first, instead of that ring?"

"No, she only offered me the ring."

"Why did you tell her then that you didn't take in things of such value, just as I came in the door? I know you take in articles of more value than that ring, every day."

"I said that because I wanted to get rid of her; she's a hard customer to deal with. Because her husband is so well known, she generally wants all a thing is worth—she's given us a 'bilk' two or three times."

"I believe you are lying, Moss."

"I assure you on my honor, I'm telling the truth."

"I know Mrs. — by sight; I'd like to see that woman's veil raised, to be satisfied."

"Well," said Moss, turning slightly pale and giving his shoulders a characteristic shrug, "that is your business; I told you the truth, and if you don't believe me, why go and raise her veil, then it'll be between you and her husband; I'll have nothing to do with it."

Charley Burton was a young officer, and had but recently been promoted to the detective force. His daring and shrewdness had frequently earned him commendatory notices from the press while still only a patrolman, but he did not succeed in obtaining his present position until he fortunately secured the political influence of a prominent politician; and political influence outweighs merit: although rarely the case, yet in this instance it was a well-merited appointment.

Charley did not believe the statement of Moss; yet there was a bare chance that he had told the truth, and the officer hesitated. He hardly dared to take the risk. He owed his appointment to the very politician mentioned—a mistake would prove fatal. This latter idea passed through his mind quickly, and he said, carelessly:

"All right, Moss, I am bound to take your word, but if I find out you've lied to me, 'twill be all the worse for you, for this is an important case."

"What case is it?"

"The murder of General Dutay, and we expect to get our strongest evidence through one of your cribs."

There was a strange glitter in Moss's eyes, and his lips twitched nervously as he said:

"Well, I've told you the truth; but if you'll tell me what you're looking for, if it's offered here, I'll let you know at once. It don't pay me in my business to meddle with anything that ain't on the square."

"It won't in this case, that's certain," replied Burton, as he buttoned his coat around him and passed out.

"By jimmihetta! that was a close shave!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, as he laid down the twenty-five dollars he held in his hand, tore up the pawn checks, and proceeded back to the booth where the veiled woman still patiently waited. "Madam, if you will pass around to the rear, and go upstairs to my private office, I guess we can make a trade. I've thrown that cop off the lay, and we can fix things so it will be all right."

The woman at once passed round to the rear as directed, up a narrow pair of stairs, and through a dark hall, where she was quickly followed by Moss, who opened the door of a room, ushered her in, and set a chair for her, with the remark,

"Now, I guess, we can talk business, without the fear of interruption. Will you please let me see that necklace?"

The woman thrust her hand in the bosom of her dress, drew forth the glittering jewels, and handed them to him. As he received them, he said:

"Now, if you please, as our business is confidential, remove your veil. There is no further need of concealment, and I like to know the parties I do business with, especially delicate business of this nature."

"There is no necessity for me to remove my veil; we can transact our business just as well with my identity concealed."

"No, I must know who I deal with."

"Very well, then," said the woman, rising, "if those are your conditions, I must go to some one who is not so exacting. Return me the necklace."

The pawnbroker smiled sardonically, as he said, in slow, deliberate tones:

"Can you afford the risk?"

"The risk of what?"

"I know the history of this necklace—it was stolen from the house of General Dutay by the man who murdered him. You were 'piped' to this place—the smartest detective in New York

had his eye upon you when I gave you the signal, down-stairs. I bluffed him off."

"Well, what has that got to do with it?" replied the woman, coolly. "If we can't deal I can go to those who will."

"But I can't let you leave this house with this necklace on your person."

"You can't! why?"

"Because that detective isn't bluffed entirely—he'll shadow you when you leave this place, and if this thing is found on you, it'll bring me into the snap."

"There's something in that—still I don't see the necessity of your seeing my face."

"Then we can't make a bargain."

"Very well; return the necklace."

"I told you once why I couldn't do that—your own safety demands that you should leave it here, for the present, at least."

For a moment the woman tapped with her foot upon the floor, then suddenly removing her veil, disclosed the pale features of Lottie Redway, as she exclaimed:

"There, will that satisfy you!"

"I never saw you before," said the pawnbroker.

"I know it, and that is why I objected to remove my veil. It wasn't necessary that we should be acquainted to understand each other. You are a rascal, and I am a thief's wife, this ought to enable us to do business."

"I'm a rascal, am I? Well, I'll take that from a woman: but whose wife are you?"

"You are making fresh conditions."

"No, I only asked out of mere curiosity; and now to business. Why didn't you take these stones out, and avoid the risk of carrying the necklace without destroying its identity?"

"Because I expected to deal with a thief who wouldn't ask any questions. The stones show their value better in their original setting."

"How much money do you want for this thing?" inquired the pawnbroker.

"How much will you give?"

"I am taking long chances. I will give one thousand dollars."

"Why, you fool! any two of these stones are worth more than that."

"Yes, but the man *was* murdered from whom they were stolen. I would not buy them at any price if that detective was not waiting for you outside of the door."

"That detective being outside won't induce me to take a penny less than the amount I want."

"How much do you want?"

"Four thousand dollars! and that ain't a third of its value."

"I'll give you two."

"I want four."

"I can't give a penny more than two."

"Then return the necklace."

"You forget the detective outside."

"No, I don't; I'll take my chance with him—I have dealt with detectives before."

"You can't have this necklace."

"But I will have it."

"I'll call in the officer, and hand both you and the necklace over to his charge," said Moss, coolly.

"Will you?" hissed Lottie; and as she spoke, she drew a small, silver-mounted pistol from her dress pocket, quietly cocked it, and added: "When that detective comes in here, he'll arrest me for two murders instead of one!"

"What! You wouldn't shoot?" cried the pawnbroker, stepping back, his face blanched with terror.

"Yes, I will shoot in a second, if you don't hand back that necklace. This ain't the first time Tom Redway's wife has had dealings with a kid like you."

"Tom Redway's wife!" muttered the pawnbroker, hoarsely; "Tom Redway, the forger—the coiner—the murderer—the man without a human heart!"

"That's the man—you've described him exactly."

"Here, madam, take your necklace, and be gone. I don't want anything that ever belonged to that man."

"Very well, I'll get the money somewhere else, but I suppose, now, you'll go and give Tom away, and take a 'rake' in the reward that will soon be offered?"

"No, I won't; I'll tell you the truth, I don't want anything to do with Redway, dead or alive; he's the boss of the Brigands of New York."

"Yes; and you know the oath that binds the Brigands together. If anything happens to Tom, there'll be twenty knives searching for

your heart!" and as Lottie spoke, she concealed the necklace, passed out of the room, down the stairs, through the shop, stepped boldly out upon the sidewalk, and proceeded up the street, expecting every moment to feel the touch of the detective's hand upon her shoulder.

CHAPTER IV.

ADELE DUTAY sat alone in her room, a picture of misery and despair.

In the parlor beneath her, reposed in a costly casket the rigid remains of her murdered uncle, who, since her early infancy, had been her guardian and truest friend.

There was a mystery connected with Adele's birth, with which she herself was unacquainted. At times a weird suspicion had crossed her mind, and she had, frequently, at such moments, when being caressed by General Dutay, inquired:

"Uncle, am I the child of a brother, or a sister of yours? or did you merely adopt me, and, through your kindness of heart, bestow upon me the imaginary relationship of niece?"

Always when these questions were asked, the usually kind face of the old general would glower with an expression of anger. At once his caresses would cease, and in tones of severity he would order her from his presence, without answering her inquiry. Upon one occasion only he made a reply.

"Adele," he said, "if you were not of my blood, you would not possess my affection, for I love thee, child, as I love nothing else on earth; neither would you be the sole inheritor of all my wealth. Never again ask me that question, I have so provided, that you shall learn the truth after my death. My lips will never reveal the mystery."

Though still unsatisfied, Adele had never dared to approach the subject again, nor had she ever inquired how he had provided for the posthumous unraveling of the mystery. But little was known of the previous history of General Dutay by his friends and acquaintances in New York.

Sixteen years previous to his tragic death by the hand of a midnight assassin, he had arrived in New York, and subsequently informed the new acquaintances that he made in America, that he came from Paris. Hinted, furthermore, that he was a political refugee; the beautiful child of two years that he brought with him, he said, was his niece. It soon became known that he was a man of wealth. He brought large sums with him from France; these he invested judiciously, and at the time of his death, left an estate worth millions.

From the moment that Adele had recovered from the unconsciousness into which she was thrown, upon the startling recognition of the midnight robber, and fully realized the terrible tragedy which had occurred, she had hardly spoken a word. She appeared like one stricken dumb. All her senses seemed paralyzed by horror. Friends and neighbors were quickly summoned. The murdered form of General Dutay was borne to his dressing-room. The police authorities were notified, and while friendly hands were preparing the millionaire for the grave, the shrewdest detectives upon the Metropolitan force were investigating the circumstances which led to the tragedy. From Adele they could learn nothing. Their most cunning and artful questions were met by the stereotyped reply:

"I know nothing about it; I awoke to consciousness only to find poor uncle murdered!"

This undeviating reply was not satisfactory to the keen officers. They resorted to every device to extort something from her, but failed, and probably would never have discovered the slightest clew, had it not been for the merest accident.

During the examination, Adele's maid was in the room. The latter loved her young mistress, and was annoyed and angry at seeing her subjected to such an evidently distressing cross-examination.

The officers had been as tender and delicate as possible, although their questions were many and skillfully put. At length, completely baffled, they turned away, when one of them, apparently struck by a sudden thought, was about to renew his questioning. The maid wishing to save her young mistress further annoyance by changing the subject, exclaimed suddenly, as her eye fell upon her lady's dressing case:

"Why, Miss Adele, where is your casket of jewels? I placed it upon your dressing-table the last thing last night when you retired!"

Adele gave utterance to a terrified scream, and fell back insensible. The maid rushed to the assistance of her mistress, exclaiming:

"Merciful heavens! what have I done?" while the two officers of the law exchanged significant and satisfied glances.

Detectives are patient men. Patience is their best capital. They knew they had a clew—a faint, a very faint ray of light had glimmered upon the truth. Leaving Adele to the care of her mind they quietly withdrew, but their countenances clearly said, "Here is a great mystery, and we have accidentally found the key to unravel it."

Thus General Dutay had been prepared for the grave. The hour for the funeral had been fixed, and Adele sat alone as described in the opening paragraph of this chapter, lost in sorrowful reflection. There was a tap at her room door. She knew the knock, and bid the person enter.

"Miss Adele," said her maid, as she came into the room, "Edgar Hall is below in the parlor, and insists upon seeing you."

A look of agony convulsed Adele's features as she said, "I thought I gave strict orders that he was not to be admitted within the door."

"You did, Miss Adele; he called thrice yesterday, and was informed each time that you were too ill to see any one. He was here again early this morning, and received the same information. This time, when he called, I attended the door myself, he did not say a word, but pushed by me, entered the parlor, and then directed me to inform you that he was here."

"What shall I, what can I do?" murmured Adele.

"Miss Adele," said the maid, "if I were you, if I may be so bold to advise, I would see him, or I believe Mr. Hall will go mad. I never saw such a change in a gentleman's appearance before in so short a time."

"No, Fanny, I can not, I will not see him."

"Shall I go and tell him that you are sick and can not see anybody?"

"No; this matter must be settled at once. Wait a moment, I will send a note."

Edgar Hall paced to and fro excitedly across the parlor floor. He was a handsome man, apparently between twenty-eight and thirty years of age, and outwardly bore the appearance of being a refined and cultured gentleman. His excited walk was interrupted by the entrance of Fanny, who handed him a missive. Proceeding to the window, for the stately parlor of the house whose former master lay rigid and cold in the adjoining room, was dark and somber, he drew up the shade and glanced at the note. A few words only were traced on the snowy paper.

"EDGAR.—I recognized you last night in spite of your disguise. We must never meet again. If you are not *wholly a fiend*, never seek my presence.

"ADELE."

The handsome face of the gentleman assumed an ashen hue. He stepped back from the window, and advanced toward the maid, exclaiming:

"What terrible mystery is this? why have you brought me such a note? why did you not tell me the truth? has this terrible shock bereft my poor Adele of reason? and is this the illness that you feared to make known to me?"

"Miss Dutay has not lost her reason. I know nothing of the contents of the note you have just read, but when she penned it she was as calm and reasonable as I am at this moment."

"Dare you tell me that Miss Dutay knew what she was doing when she wrote these lines? I know you are not telling me the truth."

"Sir, I have told you the truth, and I do not understand your present excitement. If you wish me to convey a message to Miss Dutay, I will do so."

"Yes, I do wish you to convey a message to Miss Dutay; tell her, that before I received this, one word from herself directly would have relieved my anxiety on her account, but that since receiving this note, I insist that she grant me an interview, if only for a moment. Either bear this message back to her, or else confess that she is not responsible for what she does."

"I will bear your message."

"What did he say when he read the note?" inquired Adele upon the re-entrance of Fanny.

"His face, miss, became as white as a ghost, and he rushed toward me frantically exclaiming 'what mystery is this? why did you not tell me that this terrible shock had bereft Miss

Adele of her reason?' He thinks you are insane."

"Would to Heaven that I were, and I would be spared this present agony. But no, my reason is keener than ever. Has he gone?"

"No, miss; he told me to tell you that before he received your note, one word from you directly would have relieved his anxiety, now he insists upon seeing you."

"My God! what perfidy; can it be possible that he will attempt to deny the proofs of my own eyes? I will see him. His audacity strengthens my own nerves."

With a firm step and a set, determined countenance, Adele passed down the stairs, entered the parlor, and stood face to face with Edgar Hall.

"Darling, do you know me? What strange fantasy has taken possession of your brain? Why have you sent me this note? What mystery is this?"

"Dare you ask me these questions?"

"Dare I ask you these questions? Am I not your betrothed husband? Why has your door been closed against me since the occurrence of this fearful tragedy? I, of all other persons, should have been the first admitted to your presence, to console and comfort you. Since the death of your uncle, I hold the nearest relation toward you of all the world."

During this speech Adele gazed at the speaker steadily. Not a muscle of her beautiful but pale face quivered; but there was a strange glitter in her eye as she said, in icy tones:

"Dare you attempt to deceive me, since what has occurred when the little clock upon my mantel, night before last, chimed three, and no ears heard it but yours and mine?"

"Why, Adele!" exclaimed Edgar, "poor dear girl! this shock has affected your reason; and the eyes of love, such as mine, have been the first to discover it. So much more the reason why I should not have been kept from your side. Try to think, darling. Try to remember who you are addressing. Recall those fearful words. Tell me that you did not know what you were doing when you penned these lines!" and Edgar advanced toward her with the paper extended in his hand. But she recoiled from him with a look of horror upon her face, as though she had discovered a slimy serpent wound in the deadly coil, just ready to spring upon her.

"Back! back!" she exclaimed. "Don't approach me! I would rather again awake and behold you standing over me with your murderous knife, than have you come nearer with such subtle simulation of innocence upon your villainous face!"

"Oh, God! what shall I do?" exclaimed the young man, as he stopped, and stood gazing upon her with a look of undisguised bewilderment.

"Do?" replied Adele. "Go hence, repent, and reform. Though they kill me, they shall not wring the secret from me. Personally, you are safe; but, oh, God! can there be any hope for your soul?"

Upon hearing these strange words, coherent, yet so terribly suggestive, Edgar muttered: "Would that I had a mother or sister that I could send to her! How blind her servants must be not to have recognized her condition!"

"So you would like to brand me as insane?" exclaimed Adele. "I doubt not that since you have discovered that I am possessed of your secret, you would not hesitate at a more cruel device than this to make your personal safety doubly sure."

"Come, dearest, I will humor your whim. I will admit that this great trouble has not disturbed your reason at all. Now tell me what secret of mine do you possess?"

"Would you know?"

"I would."

"Then come with me," and Adele passed out of the room, followed by Edgar. Crossing the hall, and opening the library door, she disclosed to view the splendid casket which held the remains of General Dutay. Addressing the colored attendant, she said:

"You may leave for the present; I would be alone with the body of my dear uncle."

When the door closed behind the servant, Adele advanced to the head of the coffin, and motioned Edgar to approach. Pointing to the rigid face, she said:

"Can you look at that face, and ask me what secret I possess of yours?"

An expression of awe rested upon Edgar's face, as he replied:

"I can."

Still pointing to the face of the dead, Adele said:

"That man was murdered."

"Great Heavens! Adele, what has that to do with the secret?"

"You can still preserve that look of innocence. When the gas was turned on in my room, a few moments before my uncle's death, the robber turned suddenly, his mask for an instant was jerked aside, and I caught a glimpse of his face. Well, too well, I knew those features—they were as indelibly imprinted upon my heart as the outlines of yon dear, dead face."

"Adele! Adele! speak! What terrible thing is this which you suggest? Sane or insane, darling, tell me what you mean!"

"I mean," exclaimed Adele, as she shook her finger at him warningly, and her eyes glowed with excitement, "that yours were the features I recognized behind the mask! *You, you, Edgar Hall, are that dear old man's murderer!*"

CHAPTER V.

"Excuse me, madam, but I would like to speak to you a moment."

These words were addressed to a veiled lady, by a well dressed, athletic young man, with stern blue eyes, as he gently tapped her upon the shoulder, upon a retired up-town street.

"How dare you address me, sir?" exclaimed the woman, indignantly, as she stopped and turned suddenly.

"I am sorry to be under the necessity of doing so, madam, and I assure you that I have no intention of being rude; but I think I have seen you before. If I am mistaken, you will please accept my apologies and forget that I did so."

"If you think you have seen me before, you are mistaken: and unless you immediately proceed about your business, I shall scream for help, and have you taken in charge by a policeman."

"Then scream," said the man coolly, "I guess my excuse will prove satisfactory."

There was an instant's silence; the veiled woman made no attempt to scream though so tauntingly invited to do so. At length she said:

"Where do you think you have seen me before, and under what circumstances?"

"I think I saw you at Moss's pawn-office, and you were trying to pawn a diamond necklace."

"You impudent rascal! now I will scream!" exclaimed the woman.

"Scream away!" replied the man; "but I am going to see your face if you halloo yourself hoarse!"

Still the woman did not scream, but on the contrary she said, meekly:

"Are you a detective officer?"

"Yes, madam, I am a detective officer."

"What do you suspect me of doing, or having in my possession?"

"I will tell you, madam, after I have had a look at your face; you may not be the person I am looking for at all."

"Then why have you been following me for the last hour?"

"So you knew all the time that I was following you, eh?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; the way you doubled led me to think so from the first."

The detective officer was still cautious. He had a lurking dread that, after all, the pawnbroker might have told him the truth, and that there were good reasons why the lady might really be the person whom Moss had represented her to be, and still have a wish to avoid recognition by a detective, though innocent of any actual crime. Shame at being seen in such a place as a loan office would be a satisfactory motive for avoiding recognition.

"Yes, I knew that you were following me," said the woman, after a moment's silence; "and I walked around in hopes that I might meet my husband; if I had you would have been careful next time who you followed."

The officer started: this last remark went far to confirm Moss's story. The woman, who was eying him intently, was quick to observe that her last words had startled him, and she determined at once to follow up her advantage.

"My husband has business in the neighborhood, and I was hoping and praying all the time that I would meet him, and then you would have learned a lesson that would have lasted you the balance of your life."

"We live to learn, madam; I may have severer lessons to learn than this even, which you threaten, but I must do my duty."

"Then tell me why you have followed me. My face is not so hideous that I should fear to remove my veil."

"Nor is my business such, madam, that I can tell it."

"Then I must bid you good-day, and go about my business."

"Not until I have seen your face!"

"How are you to see it, if I refuse to disclose it?"

"I will arrest you."

"Arrest me?"

"I certainly will, on suspicion. My object is of sufficient importance to risk a possible mistake."

"I think you have threatened enough. I shall leave you—place your hand on me at your peril!"

"My duty and your obstinacy compel me to adopt decided measures."

As the detective spoke, he seized her by the shoulder and tore her veil aside. For an instant only he caught a glimpse of her pale, determined features—the next, a dull thud was heard, the faithful officer relaxed his grasp upon her shoulder and her veil, staggered back, for an instant swayed to and fro, then fell upon the sidewalk, the blood gushing from a fearful wound on the side of his head.

"That fixes you!" muttered Lottie Redway, as she glided swiftly away. "It was a wise precaution when Tom armed me with a 'billy,' and taught me how to use it."

CHAPTER VI.

UPON hearing Adele's terrible words, "*You! you were that old man's murderer!*" Edgar Hall recoiled with a look upon his face of undisguised horror and amazement.

"What fearful words, Adele; what fearful words are these?"

"Edgar Hall, dare you look me in the eye, and deny that you are an acknowledged thief—a murderer?"

"Yes, Adele, and I dare plead that my tongue might be paralyzed if I do not speak the truth when I say that I am astounded by your language—that I am not conscious of ever having committed a dishonorable action in my whole life, let alone earning the epithets of thief and assassin!"

"Mr. Hall, our interview must terminate. Had I been told, or had I read that such barefaced audacity existed, I would not have believed it possible. You ask me for an explanation; as a matter of form I will give it; but think not for a moment that your simulation of innocence and surprise has impressed me in the least. I have had imprinted upon my heart and memory every line and expression of your countenance. I know your face better than any other earthly one. You recollect that less than a week ago you claimed to be offended with me. A seeming quarrel was a novelty, I had never quarreled with any one before in my life. It was a mere whim, my apparent coldness. When I saw you in this house among the throng it was my intention to—"

"When you saw me in this house the other evening! Adele, I have not set eyes upon you since that afternoon we parted in seeming anger!"

"Dare you pretend to say that you were not present here night before last?"

"I was not!"

"I can prove that you were, by a dozen of our mutual acquaintances!"

"Well, assuming that I was here, proceed."

"During the whole evening you acted toward me as a total stranger. If you intended to punish me, you succeeded, your cool indifference, your well-acted behavior, as though I were a total stranger, filled me with sorrow. That same night, after I had retired I was suddenly aroused, and beheld a masked figure standing over me with a murderous knife. In disguised tones I was threatened with death if I made an outcry. By a stratagem I succeeded in turning on the gas, then I recognized you. Your change of dress disguised your form, but I saw your face and fainted. When I returned to consciousness, the first object that I recognized was the bleeding form of my poor uncle—he never spoke from the moment the knife pierced his heart. Later, when alone, I rashly took a solemn vow that I would never betray the murderer. You can well guess why; and

now begone! If you can, repent and reform. Let this be your last crime, but never seek my presence again!"

"One word, Adele, and I will go! There is some terrible mystery here—some fearful mystery! At present I dare not think, neither will I attempt to explain it, until after the solemn duties of the burial are over, and you have had time to recover somewhat from the shock and misery of the present moment. Oh, God! that I should have to do it! but, Adele, Adele, I know that you will forgive me—that you will not withdraw your love from me! I have a terrible story of misfortune to tell—I am not responsible for my present position, but believe me, when I have confessed everything, you will not find it in your heart to cast me off! Suspend judgment, Adele, until you see me again. When you have heard my story, you will pity and forgive me!"

Adele gazed at him with a look of stern scorn as he withdrew from the room. When he had gone, she dropped upon her knees beside the coffin, and wept, murmuring between her sobs: "Oh, uncle, uncle! would that I could be laid beside thee, and find peace in the grave."

The solemn funeral pageant was over. The many friends of General Dutay had accompanied his remains to the grave, and all was over. Friends of the family had urged Adele to accompany them to their homes, but she had declined every kind offer, and remained in the splendid house where she was now sole mistress, alone with her servants and the companionship of one friend, an elderly widow lady, who had insisted upon remaining with her. Upon the day following the funeral, the sorrowing girl was summoned to the parlor to meet two gentlemen. They were the detectives. They had waited patiently for the last rites to be performed to the dead, and now they had come to work up the clew which the maid had so opportunely furnished by her inquiry for the missing jewels. The murder of General Dutay was already classed among the many tragedies which time and time again had startled the community. The fearful mystery which shrouded the case, added zest to popular curiosity, and for weeks it was likely to prove the absorbing topic of conversation and the theme of the leading editorial thunders of the press.

Adele's inexperience had led her to hope that the detectives had been baffled, and that after a season speculation and inquiry would cease, and that the memory of the terrible affair would gradually drift away, and only be occasionally alluded to with others of its kind, consequently her surprise and trepidation were excessive upon recognizing her two visitors.

One of the detectives, upon her entrance, immediately rose and said:

"Miss Dutay, we are sorry to harrow your feelings by recurring to the dreadful misfortune which has overtaken you, but public safety, and the demands of justice require that we should not leave a stone unturned to discover General Dutay's murderer. You, above all others, ought to be willing to assist us, as far as you can. You had a valuable diamond necklace, it was stolen by the assassin."

"How did you find this out?" inquired Adele innocently.

"We have discovered even more than this, Miss Dutay: we have got upon the track of the necklace, and hope soon to have the assassin in our grasp."

"Oh, God! is it possible?" murmured Adele.

For reasons of their own the officers paid no apparent attention to her exclamation, although each remark confirmed the suspicion that, for some unaccountable reason, the niece was trying to screen the murderer of her uncle.

"Will you furnish us a description of the necklace?"

Adele complied with their request, and described the jewels and their setting.

"Now answer me one more question, if you please. We know that the assassin was in your bedroom; were you awakened by him before the murder?"

"I was."

"Did you see him sufficiently to be able to describe his personal appearance at all?"

There was a moment's pause. Adele trembled with nervous agitation. At length she answered:

"No; the moment I recognized him, I fainted."

"The moment you recognized him?" said the officer, quickly. "Then you know who the assassin was?"

Again there was a pause. It flashed over Adele's mind that she had inadvertently used the word "recognized." There was an inward struggle between her desire to confess the truth and her wish to screen the guilty. Finally she said, resolutely:

"You misunderstood me; I should have said I fainted the moment I saw a person in the room."

"Can't you give us the least idea of his appearance—whether he was a large or small man, stout or slender?"

"I can not assist you at all."

"Have you any idea of the time when you were awakened? Did the person in your room bear any resemblance to any of the guests who were in your uncle's parlors a few hours previous to the murder?"

"How can I tell? I awoke, saw some one in the room, and fainted. This statement ought to convince you that I would be unable to describe his appearance at all."

"I am sorry, Miss Dutay, that you do not recollect the assassin's appearance. Are you aware that another possible murder has already grown out of this affair?"

"Another possible murder?" exclaimed Adele in amazement.

"Yes. We have reason to believe that, upon the very day following the murder, an attempt was made to dispose of the stolen necklace. Mr. Burton, one of our detective officers, was on the track of a woman whom we suspect of making the attempt. He followed her, and, when about arresting her, the woman, or, as we believe, the man, disguised as a woman, suddenly dealt him a blow with a 'billy,' and he fell insensible on the sidewalk."

"Is he dead?"

"No; we have slight hopes of his final recovery, but for the present we have lost all track of the attempted murderess, and doubtless accomplice, if not the actual murderer, of General Dutay."

Again there was an awkward pause. Had Adele been an ordinary person, or an outsider, the officers would have conducted their examination in a very different manner. Her positive affirmation and denials failed to convince them but that she could aid them in discovering the assassin, if she chose to do so, but for the present they were baffled. Still, upon leaving the house, the remarks which passed between them were fearfully significant and suggestive.

"It seems incredible," observed one.

"Yet the magnet points that way," replied the other.

"It ain't possible that you think that that girl, who looks more like an angel than a thing of earth, has had a hand in this tragedy?"

"Well, I will tell you; I've been thirty years on the force. I have witnessed some terrible denouements; that girl betrays guilt when she refuses to tell all she knows. I dare not trust myself to think, but circumstances point strangely in that direction. Show me a motive, and I'll name the guilty in five minutes. This case rests with me, till I learn what General Dutay's will says. I have encountered many strange experiences, but this one threatens to prove the most terrible of them all."

CHAPTER VII.

"WELL, my lady gay, did you realize the duplex, so that I can go down-stairs with the air of a lord, and settle with old friz-curls?" was Tom Redway's salutation to his wife as she entered the door.

"No, I have not realized on them; and I doubt if we can, in this city, now."

"The devil!" exclaimed Tom. "What the deuce has happened?" he added as his wife removed her hat and veil, and disclosed a face as pale and bloodless as that of a corpse.

"What's happened? Why, the whole thing is blown! There was a cop at my heels, the first loan shop I entered. If the Jew hadn't been a cute one, I'd have been nabbed right there."

"It's blown? what do you mean?"

"I mean that the cops already know that the man who stole the necklace was the assassin of General Dutay."

"Jupiter Ammon! that girl was gying me, after all. I suppose the police have got my measure to an inch. That's kind of rough. I thought I was secure on that necklace arrangement. It's the first time I've been soft, and it's lucky I escaped the 'nip.' But tell me, Lottie, how did you throw the cop?"

Lottie proceeded to relate the scene as it oc-

curred in the loan office, and her subsequent meeting with and assault on the detective.

"Lottie," said Tom, with sudden energy, "we've got to have some money, and I'm going to get it. Give me that gewgaw," and taking it from her hand, he went to the bureau drawer, drew forth a pair of pincers, and with the dexterity of a mechanic, rapidly extracted the stones from their setting, and left the room. In about an hour he returned, with a triumphant smile upon his face, and a roll of bills in his hand.

"Now, Lottie, my love, we can appease the old growler down-stairs."

"Did you succeed in raising the money, Tom?" inquired his wife, gleefully.

"I did, Mrs.; and I want to go right down and settle with that woman at once. I am more afraid of seeing the 'cops' led in here by her, than I am of their ever running us down on their own hook."

Mrs. Redway was only too glad to follow her husband's direction, and proceeded at once to pay the landlady in full. Upon her return she said:

"Now, then, what are we going to do? There's a rope dangling over your head, and I feel the chill draught from an open prison door already piercing my marrow."

"Well, Lottie, they say women have pretty keen wits; what would you advise us to do?"

"I advise that we fold our tents, like the Arabs, and as quietly steal away."

"Well, my dear, I don't feel inclined to accept your advice this time. I've just got things in working order for a big lay out; but, hang it! we haven't got the ready money to finish up the job."

"And you'll hang if you stay in New York to raise it. That General Dutay was a millionaire. From your own confession the owner of that necklace had a full view of your person, and probably, ere this, has furnished an accurate description to the detectives."

"That don't trouble me much. I can look like anybody else but Tom Redway in a few hours; but I'm sorry that detective saw your face."

"It's just as easy for me to disguise myself as it is for you."

"I know that; but if we've got to try the disguise job, we must change our quarters, and there is the rub. There'll be a big reward offered in a day or two, and then that landlady of ours will begin to put things together and work out a conclusion; and that conclusion will be, that the murderer of General Dutay and her boarder is one and the same person. Then she'll go for the reward, and, hang her! she can furnish the cops more threads than any other person in this city."

"Can't we quiet her?"

"What with—money?"

"No; we have no money to spare."

"What then?"

"A glass of wine, with something besides sugar to sweeten it!"

Tom Redway gazed at his wife curiously for a moment, and at length remarked:

"They say my heart's made of stone, Lottie; if it is, I'd like to know what yours is made of. I never spilled human blood unless at a critical moment, and for personal safety."

"Well, ain't this for personal safety? Haven't you admitted that this woman has more power to injure us than any other person in New York?"

"Yes; but her life must be assured. We can't murder a person every day, and expect to escape. There'll be hue and cry enough already in a day or two, and we'll be lucky if we pull through without being pulled."

"Well, something must be done."

"Exactly! I'm going to interview Mrs. Brown, and let her understand that the moment she attempts to figure for any reward, she'll be strangled. And if I haven't made a mistake in her character, she understands the 'gang's' method for dropping on informers; and all the money in New York wouldn't tempt her to risk their swift vengeance."

"Then you intend to hush her mouth by terror?"

"Exactly?"

"Where do you propose to look for new quarters?"

"The 'gang' meets to-night. After the meeting, I'll decide. The boys were never in more desperate circumstances, nor more ready to take desperate chances. The brigands of Italy, after a month's fast, are not more anxious for a dashing raid than the 'Brigands of New York,' at

the present moment. We've got to make a raise, Lottie; we've got to make a raise."

"How are you going to do it?"

"I've got an idea. I've got to see two or three of the boys and talk it over, and it strikes me that in a few days, we'll have this great city howling over the most startling news they've had for some time."

CHAPTER VIII.

ADELE had hardly recovered from the annoyance and distress occasioned by her interview with the detectives, before she was again summoned to the parlor to meet another gentleman. The latter she had never seen, although she had frequently heard her uncle mention the name upon the card which he sent to her, as his lawyer. Upon looking at this card she was for the first time awakened to the fact that it was necessary to make some investigation concerning her uncle's disposition of his immense estate.

Mr. Hasbrouck, the lawyer, inquired abruptly after a few general and sympathizing words:

"Where is your uncle's will?"

"Haven't you got it?" answered Adele.

"I have not, Miss Dutay. I drew up a will for the general, but he retained possession of it himself."

"Uncle never said anything to me about a will."

"We will probably find it among his papers. With your permission, we will search for it at once, as it is necessary to offer it immediately for probate."

Together they at once began an examination of the general's papers. For three hours the search was continued. Every apartment of the late millionaire's safe and desk was ransacked. Every scrap of paper critically scrutinized. Every nook and corner in his library was thoroughly searched, and yet no will was found. "This is very unfortunate and embarrassing," remarked Mr. Hasbrouck when their examination was finally relinquished for the time being. "Had your uncle any confidential friend with whom he would be likely to deposit such an important document?"

"I know of no one."

"Well, Miss Dutay, I can do nothing further at present; you must continue this search, examine every book, folio, box, trunk, and drawer, in the house. I have little doubt but that you will come across it. When you find the will, notify me."

"If I should fail to find the will, what will the consequences be?"

"Too terrible to think of, Miss Dutay. Unless this will is found, there is a possibility that you may be robbed of every dollar of the estate."

"How?"

"By the recognition of the claim of Leon Dutay."

"Who is Leon Dutay?"

"Is it possible that you do not know such a person?"

"I do not."

For a moment the lawyer was lost in a brown study. At length he said:

"Did you ever hear your relationship to General Dutay questioned?"

"I never did."

"Poor child," murmured the lawyer. "I fear a great trial is before you."

"Tell me about this Leon Dutay?"

"Upon the very day that the news of your uncle's death was circulated, a stranger called upon me, introduced himself as Leon Dutay, and stated that he was a nephew of the general—a son of the deceased's youngest brother. He requested to be notified when the will was to be read. I told him that I had drawn up General Dutay's will, and that he was not among the number of the devisees. He then inquired who was principally benefited by the will. I told him that the bulk of the estate was bequeathed to the general's niece and adopted daughter, Miss Adele Dutay. He then remarked, coolly: 'That will amounts to nothing.' I said, 'you are mistaken, sir, it was carefully drawn, and the witnesses are all living.' He then said, 'Did the general in his will describe Miss Adele Dutay as his niece?' I told him 'he did.' Again he observed, 'The will is worthless. There is not a drop of the Dutay blood in this so-called Adele Dutay's veins.'

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Adele. "I often feared that this was true, but I never anticipated that the announcement would come from such a quarter."

"Is it possible that there is a doubt concerning your relationship to the late general?"

Adele related how occasional suspicions had flashed across her mind—how she had questioned her uncle, and his strange actions when she did so. The lawyer listened attentively, and, when she concluded, remarked:

"This all amounts to nothing, if we succeed in finding the will."

"But I shall not dispute the claim of this Leon Dutay, if he proves his identity and the truth of his assertions concerning me."

"This is a matter for subsequent discussion. Our first business is to find the will. Then we will consider the pretensions and the story of this scoundrel, Leon Dutay."

"Why do you call him a scoundrel?"

"Because I have discovered that he is such. Immediately after his interview with me, I placed a detective upon his track, to ascertain his habits and general character. As a lawyer, I did this as a mere precautionary measure, and succeeded in establishing the fact that Leon Dutay was a gambler, and, what was worse, a man who had been under the surveillance of the police for a long time as a suspected forger and counterfeiter. The proofs of his being a worthless vagabond were indisputable."

"Nevertheless," said Adele, "if he is really Leon Dutay, and can prove that I am not a Dutay, he shall have every dollar of the late general's estate; and I am satisfied, in my own mind, that he will prove his statements to be true."

"And will you surrender all this wealth?"

"I will."

"You are a strange person, Miss Dutay, but as a friend of your late uncle, I shall not permit you to do anything of the kind. Even if the will is not found, I shall maintain a legal fight with this man from court to court."

"How can you, when I refuse to be a party to the suit?"

"I can, and will. I have more regard for the word of General Dutay, my late friend, than I would have for the sworn affidavits of a hundred such men as this Leon Dutay. Furthermore, it was the calm intention of your uncle that the provisions of his will should be carried out to the letter, and I shall exert all my energies to see that they are."

"Do you doubt the story of this man?"

"I do—at least part of it. I am satisfied that you are the niece of the late Mr. Dutay, and his legal heir. I possessed a great deal of the general's confidence, and I know that there was a painful and distressing episode in his life; but that you are really his niece, I am satisfied."

"Can we not compromise with this cousin of mine, and give him a portion of the estate?"

"Not a dollar, if I can help it. I am an old man, Miss Adele, and have had a great deal of experience in my time, in just such matters as this; and, as a dear friend of your uncle's, I wish you to follow my advice and be governed by me."

"At present, I do not know exactly what to do. When I see you again, I will be more composed, and will have had time to think this strange complication over."

"You will promise me to make a thorough search for the will?"

"Yes, sir; this much I will promise."

After the departure of the lawyer, Adele renewed the search, and continued it from day to day, but was finally forced to the conviction that her uncle, for reasons of his own, had destroyed it—the will could not be found. Mr. Hasbrouck called daily, and exhibited as much anxiety as though he had been the principal devisee, but he was at length reluctantly compelled to believe that the missing will was either lost or had been destroyed.

Thus a week passed, when one afternoon, poor, worried, and distressed Adele was again summoned to the parlor to meet a stranger.

"I have called," he said, "to know when my late uncle's will will be read? I can get no satisfaction from Mr. Hasbrouck."

"Who are you, sir?" asked Adele.

"I am Leon Dutay, a nephew to the late General Dutay."

"Has Mr. Hasbrouck not informed you that no will has been found?"

Upon hearing this simple inquiry, a strange glitter illuminated the eyes of Leon as he said, quickly:

"I suspected as much. If this is the case, why, there can be no dispute as to my claim to the whole of the property left by my late uncle."

"What consideration is to be given to my claims?" remarked Adele.

"Your claims?" exclaimed Dutay, with well-simulated surprise. "Why, what possible claim can you have, if my uncle has left no will?"

"Am I not his niece?"

"No; you are not."

"Who, then, am I?" said Adele, quickly. This was the drift she had all along been trying to give to the conversation.

Leon Dutay colored, and, for a moment, he hesitated, and gazed upon the beautiful face of the young girl, and failed to conceal his evident admiration for her beauty.

"You are the daughter of a Paris beggar—a child whom my late dear uncle picked up in the streets."

"Can you prove this?"

"I can; but I shall make the charge, and compel you to disprove it."

"When and where?"

"In the courts, when the trial takes place as to the true heir of General Dutay."

"This will not be necessary."

"Why not necessary?"

"Because if you can prove your statements to my satisfaction, I shall not dispute your claim to all of your uncle's property."

"Your lawyer says differently."

"I do not care what my lawyer says; prove to me that I am not really the niece of General Dutay, and I will surrender to you every penny, even though the missing will shall be found."

Leon Dutay's face expressed the wildest amazement upon hearing Adele thus express herself. He said: "I can prove my statement."

"When will you do so?"

"This very afternoon, if you will call at my residence."

"I will come to-morrow."

"You must come alone; if you bring your lawyer with you, I will refuse to produce the proofs."

"I will come alone."

After arranging for the morrow's interview, Leon Dutay took his departure. As the door closed upon him, and he passed down the stoop, a wicked expression distorted his features, as he muttered: "I'll produce the proofs, and remove every obstacle between me and this estate."

Upon the following morning, Adele left her home, after having informed her maid that she would return to luncheon. But she did not return at the appointed time. Hour after hour passed until nightfall, and she came not, neither did she ever return, nor did the most indefatigable efforts of Mr. Hasbrouck, aided by the most skillful detectives, result in obtaining a clew to her mysterious disappearance. No will having been found, and the reputed heiress having disappeared, the lawyer was helpless, and Leon Dutay proved his relationship, and without opposition, became the undisputed possessor of the great wealth of the murdered millionaire.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT two months subsequent to the events related in our previous chapters, two gentlemen stood conversing on the sidewalk in front of the newly-erected gold exchange on Broad Street. Both gentlemen were well known as heavy operators at the stock and gold board. One of the parties was a fair counterpart of the brusque, vigorous man of business, evidently an American, who felt well satisfied with himself and the world at large. The other was a gentleman of more peculiar type; about medium height, stoutish-build, with iron-gray hair, swarthy complexion, and glittering black eyes, which plainly betrayed his Jewish origin. Yet, despite the general shrewd and stern expression of his face, there was perceivable, also, an unmistakable, expression of kindness and benevolence rarely indicated by a person of his special business and persuasion.

"Are you going to be present at the meeting of the special committee of the board this afternoon, Mr. Brown?" said the Jewish-looking gentleman.

"No, Nathanson; I promised to join my family in the country this afternoon. I shall leave the city about one o'clock."

"I promised to join my family also at the Branch," said Nathanson, "but I shall have to remain in the city to-night. The decision of the committee is a matter of great concern to me."

"Then you'll have to remain in your house all alone to-night?"

"Not exactly; one of my sons will remain in the city with me?"

"Do you close up your house when you are away?"

"No; we leave it in charge of the house-keeper and a man-servant. I am generally home the greater part of the time myself."

This conversation was carried on between the two gentlemen in an ordinary tone of voice.

Thus it was that while the two brokers were casually conversing upon the sidewalk, two handsomely dressed young men were passing just at the instant when Mr. Brown made the inquiry: "Are you going to remain in the city overnight, alone?" These two young men stopped. A looker-on would have discovered nothing strange or suspicious in their action, so naturally did they come to a halt, and gaze about upon the surrounding signs, as though looking for a certain address. But in spite of their indifferent behavior, a peculiar look settled upon the countenance of each, and a significant glance was flashed from one pair of eyes to the other, as Mr. Nathanson replied:

"Yes; I shall remain alone in the city to-night."

When the brokers parted, the two young men followed Mr. Nathanson a few doors below, saw him enter a doorway, and having overheard his name, quickly recognized his business sign, and one of them, turning to the other, said:

"Do you know who that old pill is, Tom?"

"No."

"He is the wealthiest Jew broker in the city. There's a good lay-out, cap."

"Bah!" replied the other, "old culls like him don't have anything of value laying loose around their domiciles; they may own millions, and live like beggars."

"You are mistaken, my Lord Redway; they may in London, where you come from, but in the cities of this country, they imitate the *ton*. They outdazzle the best of other people with their jewels and the splendor of their residences. Didn't you see the 'sparklers' in the old gent's shirt front? Either one of them is worth a thousand, and two hundred eagles wouldn't buy that ring that flashed upon his finger. And, Tom, the old cull is going to be alone to-night; it's dollars to cents that it'll be a big 'brace.'"

"That's what we need now, Bill. We're all cleaned out, I guess."

"Well, this is one lay. We can make a neat job of this without any blood-letting. Those Dutay affairs are expensive. They cost a lad all the swag to blind the cops."

"You're right there, Bill," said Tom, thoughtfully; "but after all, I can't complain much about that Dutay affair. Such a thing couldn't have happened in Europe and quieted down as quickly as that did. The most dangerous part of that little affair was Lottie's fracas with that detective. If she'd given a little more force to her 'billy,' we'd have been all safe. But that chap is on his feet again, and only last night we had an intimation that he was on our track like a sleuth-hound."

"Have you got the measure of that chap, Tom?"

"I've got his description from Lottie; but he's blinded his old measure—he's around in some kind of disguise, and means mischief. I'd rather have a dozen cops after me, looking for the reward, than one on my track, trying to square a point. I'm too matter-of-fact to be superstitious, Bill, but I've got a feeling that either I or that chap has got to go down before either one of us is safe. An ocean ain't broad enough to divide us?"

"What! Tom, you're the last man that ought to weaken."

"When I weaken, Bill, you'll know it. A brave man, even though a thief, won't try to conceal his danger from himself."

Frequently, during the business hours of that day, Mr. Nathanson, the wealthy broker, passed in and out of his office, upon various business errands, and every step was shadowed by the two brigands, who had selected him as their victim. When he went to the bank, one of them had business with the adjoining teller; when he went to his lunch, they sat at an adjoining table. Little did the hurried eaters about them dream that the preliminary steps of what was to terminate in one of the most fearful and terrible tragedies that ever startled the community, or even the world, were being taken right in their very presence.

It was after five o'clock when Mr. Nathanson entered one of the Broadway and Wall Street Ferry stages at the corner of Broad and Wall streets on his way up-town. As the omnibus

turned out of the latter street into Broadway, it was hailed by two young men; one got inside, while the other mounted on top beside the driver. Slowly amidst the jam of vehicles, the shouts and curses of drivers, and the thronging mass of humanity on either sidewalk, the driver of the omnibus proceeded on his up-town trip. At the corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway, Mr. Nathanson left the stage and was shortly followed by the two young men, who took the opposite side of the street and kept him in sight until they saw him enter a handsome stone-front house a few doors west of Fifth Avenue.

As the door of the house closed behind Mr. Nathanson, one of the young men turned to the other as they came to a halt opposite, and said:

"How is that, Tom? do you think that man owns millions and lives like a beggar?"

"It certainly does not appear so; but that's going to be a hard house to crack, pal."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, it's too close to the hotel and a public thoroughfare, and you know cops like to keep in the ray of gaslight as much as possible. A host of them are sure to be lying loose around this hotel, when the other parts of their beats are deserted. The police, you know, like to take things as cozy as possible."

"I know that, Tom," remarked the other, as they proceeded down the street toward Sixth Avenue, "but that's a circumstance I intended to take advantage of. But now, cull, who's going to take the bearings?"

"I guess you can do that better than anybody else, Bill, you're a glib buzzer."

"All right, pal, you stroll on down toward the corner, and I'll twist over and take a peep," and as Bill spoke he crossed the street, walked leisurely up to the house he had seen Mr. Nathanson enter, passed up the stoop, and carelessly rang the bell. The door was opened by a middle-aged Irish woman.

"Is there a Mr. Gadsden boarding here?" inquired Bill.

"There is not, sir," replied the woman; "there's no one livin' here by that name at all."

"It may be that I have made a mistake in the name," said Bill; "is there any young gentleman living here?"

"None but the master's sons, sir."

"And what's the name of the gentleman?"

"Nathanson."

"Nathanson—Nathanson," repeated Bill; "I think that's the name I want. Is he at home?"

"There's no one home but the old gentleman himself, who has just come in, sir. I'll call him, if you wish to spake wid him."

"No; never mind; it's the young man I want to see. Do you expect him in shortly?"

"I don't know that any of them will be home but the old gentleman to-night, the family are all away. But I'll ax the master, if you wish."

"Never mind," said Bill. "I'll call again tomorrow."

During these inquiries, Bill had stepped within the vestibule door, and while talking to the innocent Milesian, had peered within with his wicked eyes, and studied the interior arrangement of the house as far as his opportunity permitted. A few moments later, he rejoined his companion with the remark:

"It's a soft thing, Tom; and the coast is clear."

"I hope we'll find enough swag to pay for the risk."

"Rest easy, pal, I tell you we're going to work a mine to-night."

As the two men turned up Sixth Avenue, they saw a plainly dressed, veiled lady coming toward them. As she approached, and her eyes fell upon Tom, she suddenly stopped, clasped her hands to her heart, as though to quell its violent agitation, and for an instant tottered as though about to fall. Tom's quick eye discerned at once that something was the matter, and sprang to assist her. But the maiden started back, and with an excited gesture, said, in a low voice:

"No, no! Oh, God! don't you touch me!" and ere Tom had recovered from his surprise and amazement, she swiftly glided away.

CHAPTER X.

MR. NATHANSON, the wealthy banker and broker, sat alone in the front room, on the second floor of his home. The gas was turned low. The night was excessively warm, and a lounge in the room had evidently been prepared as a temporary couch for the night. The occupant of the room was in his shirt sleeves and slippers,

and slowly paced to and fro. After a short time he threw himself upon the lounge, and dropped off into a quiet doze. Suddenly the room door opening into the hall was pushed open, and a young man on tiptoe stepped into the room. As stealthily as the step was, it aroused the sleeper, who inquired, suddenly:

"Who's there?"

"It's only me, sir," was the reply.

"Have you just come in?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is the hour?"

"Half past one."

"I wish you would come in earlier, my son. Is your brother in?"

"Yes, sir; I saw his hat in the hall."

"I must have been asleep, then, for I did not hear him."

"Are you feeling well, father?"

"Yes. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," and the young man stepped out of the room, and was about closing the door behind him, when his father called:

"Leave the door open, it's very warm."

Obedying his father's command, the young man quietly ascended the stairs, and again silence reigned, except the steady tick of the clock upon the marble mantel. And again the banker slept.

Probably three quarters of an hour passed, when a second time a human figure stepped within the room, and was at once followed by a second party. They were both in their stocking feet; one carried a dark lantern, while the other held a knife in one hand, and a singular-looking instrument, made of iron, usually called a "dog," in the other.

Their movements and their weapons at once indicated their errand. They were burglars who had stolen into the house in quest of plunder. The one who held the dark lantern advanced toward the window, and deftly extinguished the gas jet, while the other stole, noiseless, across the room, and took a position beside the couch of the old man, who was now lost in profound slumber.

The brigand who went to extinguish the gas, the moment he did so, slipped the mask of his lantern, and a sharp ray of light shot across the darkness which shrouded the room, as he turned about, took a position beside his companion, and flashed the full ray of the lantern in the face of the sleeper.

"The old 'cull' sleeps well," he whispered, addressing his companion; "may be we can finish the job without arousing him."

"Not if I know myself," replied the other; "let him awake suddenly with a yell, and the jig's up in this vicinity."

At length the sleeper moved, then slowly unclosing his eyes, he drew his hand across them, and as the sentient light of consciousness flashed through them, he beheld the two figures standing beside him, and as instantly became aware that the cold muzzle of a pistol was pressed against his temple, while a murderous looking weapon was slowly waved before his eyes, and a low, hissing voice said:

"Move, or speak, and you are a dead man!"

The banker at once realized his peril, fully understood the danger of making any outcry at that instant—he read the murderous determination of the brigands in their villainous countenances, and in a remarkably firm and calm voice he said in low tones:

"What is it that you want?"

"Money—jewels—a part of the surplus wealth that you won't miss, but which will make us rich. We are poor."

"You have come to the wrong place—what wealth I have is not kept in my house."

At that instant the Brigand flashed the ray of his lantern upon a small safe which stood just within the doorway of the adjoining room.

"Ah, ha!" he hissed, "where's the key of yonder treasure box?"

"You must find it. I certainly will not assist you to rob me."

Mr. Nathanson's vest hung upon a chair beside the lounge; this the robber seized, and thrusting his hand in the pocket, found a ring of keys.

"Now you're fixed, pal, you go and investigate the safe. I'll take a seat here beside the old cull and entertain him while you stir the porridge. Here, take the glim."

For a few moments nothing disturbed the awful silence but the occasional rattle of paper, as the scoundrel who was at the safe had succeeded in opening it, pulling over its contents. The other had seated himself upon the lounge beside his victim. Seemingly satisfied that there was no danger of the old gentleman's giv-

ing an alarm, he took the knife in his mouth, and attempted to extract the diamond studs, which sparkled like glows of fire in Mr. Nathanson's shirt-front; but the Brigand had miscalculated the resoluteness and daring of his victim. The instant the point of the deadly knife was withdrawn from his bosom, and the robber reached over to the chair whereon his shirt lay, Mr. Nathanson, who was naturally a powerful man, suddenly sprang up, seized the Brigand by the throat with a powerful grasp, and in an instant was upon his feet, and after a brief, noiseless struggle, bore the ruffian to the floor. Then was his opportunity—then, had he called for help the whole sequel of this horrid story had been changed; but in the excitement of the moment, and his fierce anger as his grasp tightened upon the villain's throat, and he became powerless in his grasp, he forgot to utter the saving call—a moment and it was too late, a dull thud was heard; again and again the same deadened crash. Relaxing his grasp he sunk to the floor. With blazing eyes and blood-be-smeared countenances his two heartless murderers stood over him, and with a sardonic grin distorting their devilish countenances, watched his expiring efforts, until at length a shudder trembled over his frame, a rattle of the last gasp sounded in his throat, his eyes became transfixed in a terrified death-state, and all was over. Their hellish work was completed, and he lay before them a distorted, bloody object. Not a word was exchanged between the two desperate scoundrels who had done this dreadful deed. There was no need to fear now that that bloody form would give an alarm; and with a coolness which would have done credit to a fiend, they deliberately resumed their work of plunder, and when they had seized upon every article of value which they could lay their hands upon, one of them actually returned and forced a costly ring from their murdered victim's finger. Then quietly they passed out of the room, stealthily stole down the stairs, and deliberately resumed their boots, placed the bloody but valueless weapon beside the door in the hallway, and let themselves out and rapidly fled from the scene, congratulating themselves upon the success of their bloody work, and consoling themselves with the reflection that they were safe—they had not left a trace behind them whereby they could be tracked and identified. But, alas! little as they dreamed of such a thing, there was one who by some unseen influence, stirred by a spirit of restlessness, had risen from her couch, gone to the window, and just for an instant, had caught the glimpse of a pale and guilty face, as its owner passed upon the opposite side of the street, beneath the glare of a street lamp, and recognized the features.

CHAPTER XI.

In a richly furnished apartment in one of our private, fashionable boarding-houses, upon a sofa, reclined a handsome young man. His face was pale and emaciated, indicating recent and severe illness, and as he rose and crossed the room to obtain a book, his step was feeble and languid. Returning to the sofa, he had just comfortably stretched himself out, when there came a rap at the door. "Come in," he said. The door opened and admitted a servant, who crossed the room, and handed him a letter.

"This was found under the door, sir," said the servant, "early this morning, but my mistress did not bid me bring it up until now."

"Found under the door?" said the young man.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, you can go," and as the servant left the room, he muttered, as he tore the envelope upon: "This is strange! What on earth can it mean?"

The moment his eyes fell upon the contents, an exclamation of surprise burst from his lips, and a look of startled wonder illuminated his countenance.

"Great Heavens! what does this mean?" And he read the following singular missive aloud, seemingly to more fully fasten its meaning upon his mind. There was neither date nor signature appended:

"MR. EDGAR HALL,—For your own sake, fly at once; you were seen and recognized upon that fatal night. If you do not heed this warning, the writer's reverence for the memory of one who is now dead, will not prevent her from disclosing the truth, and handing you over to the officers of the law. Justice to humanity demands that you be surrendered, but regard for

the memory of one who once loved you, gives you an opportunity to fly and reform. Your haunts and companionship are well known, and, if you are seen in New York after three days, the officers shall be placed on your track. Take heed—fly—repent—and reform—or your opportunity will be forever lost."

Again and again Edgar Hall perused this singular and incoherent letter. Were it not for a weird suspicion which had flashed across his mind, he would have believed himself the sport of some maniac. But, no, despite the attempt to conceal her identity, Edgar settled at once upon the authorship of the letter.

"This letter," he murmured, "was written by a woman, and that woman is—O God! O God!—one whom I have mourned for as dead, believing her to have been snatched from existence by the same mysterious fate which has pursued me from my cradle."

The excitement occasioned by the singular epistle which he had so strangely received, lent fresh strength to Edgar Hall's feeble limbs, and with a comparatively vigorous step he paced to and fro across his room. As he walked, he gave utterance to his thoughts.

"This illness—this unfortunate accident has made a wreck of my happiness. Of all beings who appear to be pursued by a strange destiny, I seem to be the chief. I know that face. The faint glimpse I caught of those features ere I was struck and became unconscious, impressed me by their familiarity. A moment, and had I retained my reason, I would have recognized the owner of the face concealed behind that veil. And to add to the mystery, I am convinced that I was upon the right track, and yet my nearness to one discovery but brings me in contact with a fresh mystery."

At this instant Edgar's soliloquy was interrupted by the abrupt entrance into the room of a gentleman about his own age. The latter had evidently overheard the former's last remark, and he said:

"My friend, your allusion to a mystery is very apt, for I must admit that this sudden accession of bodily strength which you exhibit is a mystery to me."

"Ah, doctor! I am glad that you have come. When will I be able to go out?"

"My dear fellow, if you exert yourself as violently as it is evident you have been doing, you will never go out again."

"But I must and will," said Edgar, vehemently; "all my old strength has suddenly returned—I feel now like a well man."

"Yes, my dear sir, but your present vigor is only a false strength; already I see evidences of a relapse. Your fever has returned, your present strength is merely delirium. Has anything unusual excited you?"

"Yes; fifteen minutes ago this note was handed to me. It was placed under the door by an unknown hand. Read it."

The doctor took the note, glanced over it curiously, and then said:

"If you had handed me a transcript of hieroglyphics, it would have been as intelligible to me as this note. Have you committed a crime?"

"Don't you see that I am accused of one in that note?"

"Well, yes, it would seem so. Of what are you accused?"

"The murder of Mr. Nathanson."

The doctor laughed merrily, as Edgar seriously made this reply.

"Why, my dear fellow," he said, "when that fearful murder and robbery was committed, you were lying upon that bed yonder, as harmless and helpless as an infant, and had been for six weeks; you are the victim of some maniac or grim jokist."

"Doctor, do you believe in doubles—in spiritual manifestations—ghosts or goblins? Do you believe that a man could be present at one place in the body, while a ghostly semblance of himself appeared in another?"

Upon hearing this inquiry the doctor gazed steadfastly into the face of his patient. Finally he said:

"Mr. Hall, look at me straight in the eyes. Are you the author of that letter yourself? Has some fancy induced you to amuse yourself at my expense?"

"Dr. Hudson, I am as earnest and serious as ever I was in my life. If you think that I am amusing myself at your expense, I will summon my landlady and let her testify as to the receipt of this note."

"Do you know who your correspondent is?"

"I do."

"Is it a man, or a woman?"

"A woman."

"Am I acquainted with her?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"Adele Dutay."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor. "My dear sir, now I know that you are the victim of some weird hallucination. Adele Dutay has been dead two months."

"So I thought; but this note proves the contrary."

"How do you know that note came from Adele Dutay?"

"Because she betrays a knowledge of facts known to none other but herself—she has disguised her handwriting, but, woman-like, has been less wary in the substance of her note."

"Adele Dutay was your affianced wife, was she not?"

"She was."

"Did a difference arise between you?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"She believes me to be the murderer of her uncle, General Dutay."

"How did she become possessed of such a strange idea? on what does she ground her suspicions?"

"She says she saw me commit the deed."

"Great Heavens!" cried the doctor; "how did she become possessed of this hallucination?"

"My dear sir, there is the mystery. Now I will return to my former question—do you believe a man can be in the body at one place, while a supernatural semblance of himself is present in another?"

"No."

"And yet Adele Dutay thinks she saw me in her uncle's parlors the night preceding the murder; and again she recognized me in her room, standing over her in a threatening attitude, with a dagger in my hand—that she beheld me rob her of her jewels and then ruthlessly murder her uncle to prevent capture."

"How do you account for this strange hallucination?"

"I have a theory, doctor, and I am unquestionably correct in my surmises, but the proof of their correctness is too terrible to contemplate. But I must find Adele, and you must assist me; when I prove my own innocence to her, then it will be time enough to search for the guilty. Oh, God! I feel too well that I know the criminal!"

"But how do you know that Adele Dutay is alive? Are there not ample proofs that she has committed suicide?"

"Yes; but I am now convinced that Adele herself furnished these proofs—she wished it to be supposed that she was dead."

"But are you aware that this ruse on her part robs her of her uncle's millions, and puts a scoundrel in possession of them?"

"Yes, I am aware of that, and knowing her as I do, I feel that all the wealth of this world is valueless in her eyes, and that to-day the earth holds not another as miserable as she, because of this terrible mistake of identity."

"Then you think she really believes she recognized you in the assassin?"

"Yes."

"Then he must have resembled you."

"He did."

"How do you know it?"

"Doctor, you must still be my friend—you must aid me to find Adele, but the answer to your last question is for the present *my secret alone*."

CHAPTER XII.

"TOM REDWAY, I want you."

The speaker, a large, powerful man, had been following a small, lithe, athletic-looking young man for several blocks along a side street running parallel with Broadway. Redway turned as a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and at once recognized the person who had given utterance to the terse and suggestive words with which we open this chapter, and his face paled, a fierce, angry light blazed in his eyes, but there was not a quaver in his voice as he met the gaze of the other and said firmly:

"Well, Brownley, you've run me down at last, haven't you?"

As Redway spoke he stepped back, and covertly attempted to slip his hand into his pantaloons pocket under his coat flap; but the detective saw the movement, and made a spring toward him, when Tom quickly stepped one side, and dealt his burly assailant a powerful blow, which

for an instant staggered him. But ere his prey could spring away, the detective recovered and seized him in his powerful grasp. A desperate struggle now ensued, right in the broad light of midday; but the neighborhood was one where fights were frequent, and though a crowd quickly gathered, no one interfered with the combatants.

At length, the superior strength of the detective enabled him to get the advantage of his lighter opponent, who at this time was bleeding profusely from several wounds, the result of blows from the iron fist of the officer. Suddenly a tall, spare man, with a dark complexion, and fierce, black eyes, emerged from among the crowd, and exclaimed, as the detective knelt with his hands upon Tom's chest:

"Hold on, you big duffer, let that little fellow up and give him a show."

"This man is a thief; I'm an officer," was the reply.

"Well, if you are an officer, you're big enough to arrest a dozen little fellows like this man, without beating him to a mummy, you big cur."

By this time Brownley had succeeded in getting the handcuffs on the prisoner's wrists. Rising to his feet, he drew Tom up also, and muttered sullenly as the crowd pressed close about them:

"I don't want any 'mussing' with you now, Dorie, you mean a rescue. Get back now, or I'll bore you."

"Don't you draw any pistol on me," exclaimed Dorie, while several of the crowd exclaimed: "Give that duffer a belt in the head; he's a fraud; make him let the little fellow go."

Brownley was no coward, but his face paled. He knew that the man before him was the chief backer of all the Brigands in New York. He knew, also, that he was not two hundred yards distant from the principal resort of the boss thieves—a house kept by this very Dorie who confronted him. Among the crowd were a number of mechanics, who had been attracted from several neighboring workshops by the excitement. To these men the detective appealed, calling upon them to prevent a rescue, and stating, also, that his prisoner was the most notorious burglar and cut-throat in the country. But even if the honest men in the crowd had essayed to assist him, their efforts would have been unavailing, and none knew better than themselves the desperate character of Dorie and the crowd of roughs who had now gathered about him.

"Run for a policeman," said Brownley to a rather respectable-looking youth who stood gazing wonderingly at the tumult, "or I will be a murdered."

"Hold on, young fellow!" said a short-haired, bull-necked ruffian who stood near, as the well-dressed youth started to obey the detective's request; "don't you go for no cop for that big duffer, or I will give you a thump on the head."

"Stand back! stand back!" exclaimed the detective, as he caught Redway by the arm, and attempted to draw him along. "I am attending to my duty, and if you interfere, you will suffer for it."

"I ain't interfering with you, but don't point that 'barker' at me whether you are an officer or not."

"I do not wish to point the pistol at you, I only wish to be allowed to attend to my own business without interference."

The officer well knew that the only object of Dorie was to precipitate a quarrel upon any pretense whatever, and during the *melee*, he well knew it would be good-bye to his prisoner.

"I know that duffer," finally said one of the roughs, who now were gathered so close to the detective as to completely hedge him in, "he's a fly cop from the First Ward; he ain't no detective, he ain't."

The crowd had now pressed so close, that unless the detective made some decided demonstration, he would be completely separated from his prisoner; a scuffle ensued, and during it, the detective was compelled to shove violently against the fellows who were nearest him. In an instant, he received a powerful blow. A general fight followed, and by the time a pair of policemen arrived upon the scene, Tom Redway had made good his escape, and Dorie had returned to his saloon, as carelessly as though nothing had occurred more than usual. Brownley, the detective, was dragged off to the station-house along with two or three other innocent people, and quiet once more reigned in the vicinity.

When Tom Redway turned out of Broadway into the side street, where he came so near be-

ing captured, he was followed by another person besides Brownley, the detective. A plainly dressed lady had been upon his track for a half hour previous, and was a witness to the whole exciting arrest and subsequent escape, as above described.

She had mingled with the crowd and had pressed conspicuously forward, hoping, for reasons of her own, that the culprit would catch a view of her face; but the villain's mind was too firmly fastened upon the watch for an opportunity to escape to notice any one. Finally, when he succeeded in breaking from the detective, this woman followed, saw him enter the notorious house kept by Dorie, and saw also something which caused her blood to tingle with indignation—a policeman stood at the corner, peeping around, watching the whole fracas, and did not start to interfere until he had seen Redway break clear, rush up the street, and enter Dorie's house; then, puffing and blowing, he advanced with a great show of eagerness to perform his duty, and, with the assistance of another officer, arrested two or three innocent parties, including the detective from whom the prisoner had been rescued.

"How long, how long can I endure this and live!" was the painful murmur of this strangely acting woman, as she cast a longing look at the place where Tom Redway had entered, and then slowly, as she turned away, she added: "I begin to feel as though I were a partner in that man's guilt. The grass has not yet sprouted over my dear murdered uncle's grave before this wretch commits another and a fouler murder, and still I stay my hand and hold my voice when I should point out his hiding-place, and call out, 'There is the murderer.' I do not love him now since I have discovered what a criminal he is. Then, why should I let a memory of my former love thus cause me to hide his guilt? No, no, I will do so no longer. I know where he resides, under a garb and pretense of virtue. I will send him one word of final warning, and then—then, if he will not heed, my lips shall be unsealed, and the murderer, the Brigand, shall be handed over to his doom;" and the strange lady passed up the street, turned into Broadway, and was soon lost amidst the careless throng which constantly passes to and fro along either side of that famous boulevard.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HALLOA, Burton!" exclaimed the chief of the detective force, as the latter put in a first appearance after several months' absence, owing to a dangerous wound he received from the female pal of a notorious thief and murderer, whose whereabouts he was trying to discover through her.

"Have you come to report for duty, or only intend to make us a visit?" said the chief.

"I wish to report for duty."

"Fully recovered, eh?"

"Yes, chief, I feel pretty strong. I see that there is another big job on hand—this Nathanson murder."

"Yes; I've got jobs enough for twice the force I've got; between big murders and bond robberies, we've about got our hands full."

"It's a pity that woman got the best of me, chief; I was on the right track of that Dutay murderer."

"I think you were myself, Charley; but there was something behind in that murder. I haven't settled my mind yet about that niece. I still think she had a hand in that affair."

"Then you think wrong!" exclaimed Charley Burton, with sudden vehemence.

The chief noticed Charley's excited manner, and fastened his cool, cunning gray eye upon him, curiously, as he said:

"You seem to be pretty well assured of her innocence, Charley; but the other gentlemen, who had several interviews with her, think the same as I do about it—that she either had a hand in it, or at least had a suspicion as to who the murderer was."

"I think she did have a suspicion as to who the murderer was."

"Then why didn't she give all the information she had to the police?"

"Oh, that was her secret, not mine."

"Well, the secret was too much for her, anyhow, for there is no doubt but that girl committed suicide. It wasn't the loss of the property that caused her to make away with herself. Hasbrouck, the lawyer who worried the detectives to death searching for her, said a dozen times that this story that Leon Dutay, the chap

who has succeeded to the property, trumped up about her, did not amount to shucks."

"What story was that?"

"Why, I supposed you had heard it. You know the general's will could not be found, and this Leon Dutay claimed that he could prove that this Adele was no relation of the general, at all. He says she was the child of a Paris grisette, picked up out of the street."

"Was the relationship of Leon Dutay ever questioned?"

"Yes; Hasbrouck questioned his relationship, but he furnished satisfactory proofs to the court that he was the general's only living near relative, and got all the property."

"What kind of a character does this Leon Dutay bear? It strikes me that we have him on our records."

"Yes, he was a hard chap; but since he got this property, they say a great change has come over him. He does not sport any more. He neither drinks nor gambles, at least among his old associates."

"Say, chief, did it ever strike you that the murderer of General Dutay and the assassin of Mr. Nathanson were one and the same person?"

"No, Charley, that is an entirely new theory."

"And yet I believe it is the true one, chief, and if you have no particular job you wish to put me on, I wish you would assign me to work up this Dutay case."

"I'm willing, Charley, but I do not believe you can make anything out of that matter. I tell you, my man, the chap who did that job has 'skipped.'"

"He had not skipped when he murdered Nathanson, that is certain."

"So you think the same man did both jobs?"

"I know it."

"You speak decidedly; have you any tangible grounds for thinking so?"

"Yes, I have."

"What are they?"

"If I succeed in proving my theory correct it will be time enough to tell why I think so, chief."

"Have you any clew, or is it merely an idea?"

"It's an idea."

"All right, I wish you luck. The capture of either murderer will prove a small fortune; the rewards are the largest ever offered."

"Well, I am working for a reward, and I will be well repaid if I find the criminal."

"Say, Burton, I don't wish to say anything impertinent, but you are a curious fellow. I guess you have got a history, if the truth was known."

"Maybe I have, chief, and some of these days you shall know my history, but for the present, please allow me to work up this case unquestioned."

Charley was about leaving the chief's office, when the latter called him back and said:

"Look here, Charley, here is a curious note I received this morning, just run it over and tell me what you think of it."

Charley took the note carelessly, but the moment his eyes fell upon the handwriting he became greatly excited; still he read it. When he had concluded the reading, the chief said:

"Well, old man, what do you think of it? I guess the writer is lunny, don't you think so?"

"I should not be surprised if you find her so," replied Charley carelessly!

The note read as follows:

— 23d —, NEW YORK.

"To the Chief of Police:

"SIR,—Will you please send your most gentlemanly and most tender-hearted detective to see me. I have a secret which I can not conscientiously withhold any longer. Let him inquire at No. — for Miss Allen. Tell him not to let his business be known to any one else in the house. Immediate compliance with my request will oblige one whose heart is breaking. Be sure that you send a kindly and tender-hearted man, for I have a dreadful story to tell.

"Yours in respect,

"MISS ALLEN."

"Charley," said the chief, "you are a gentlemanly chap, and pretty tender-hearted, I guess, suppose you just call upon Miss Allen."

"All right, chief, I will call on her," said Charley; and taking the note with him, he left the chief's office.

"I am on her track, now," he muttered.

"It is fortunate that this note fell into my hands, otherwise, matters might have become somewhat complicated. I must call on Miss Allen at once, but in disguise. She must not know me at present. Before I again make my-

self known, I will have cleared up some of these mysteries, or have perished in the attempt."

Thus communing with himself, Charley proceeded along, when his attention was attracted by a carriage which was being furiously driven up the street. As it whizzed past him, he caught a glimpse of the pale, excited face of a man which was pressed against the glass-door window, as though the owner was anxious to ascertain the name of the street through which he was being so furiously driven. But the face of the occupant of the carriage was not whiter nor more excited than Charley's became the instant his eyes fell upon it.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, as he rushed madly after the coach. "That was the man!"

CHAPTER XIV.

FURIOUSLY the carriage dashed up the street, and at the top of his speed, Charley Burton flew after it. Suddenly the driver turned a corner, and as the detective reached the street down which it had turned, he was glad to find that the coachman was driving at a slower pace.

"Here, stop!" cried Charley, as he came alongside. The driver immediately brought his team to a halt. The detective wrenched open the coach door, and thrust in his head, only to find the carriage vacant.

"Where is your passenger, driver?"

"My passenger?" said the driver, with pretended astonishment. "I haven't got no passenger."

"I see you haven't now; but where did the young man get out who was in this carriage when you were driving up Crosby Street so furiously a moment ago?"

"Oh, you go 'long," said the coachman, with an oath. "I ain't got no time to bother with you. Git aside there, if you don't want to get run over!" and the driver drew up his reins. Charley Burton did not move an inch; he only said, in decided tones:

"I want you to come down off of that box!"

"Mister, I'll give you a thump on the head with the butt of my whip if you don't stand aside and let me drive off about my business." As the driver spoke, he flourished the heavy butt of a whip menacingly over the detective's head, when the latter quietly thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a pistol, cocked it deliberately, and again said:

"I want you to come down off that box, young man."

"Who are you, and what do you want, anyhow?"

"I want to know where you picked up that man, and where you let him out."

"I picked that man up on Broadway, opposite Morris' house."

"Now, then, where did you let him out?"

"I'll take my oath, cop, I don't know where he got out. He told me to drive like the devil in any direction until he told me to stop."

"All right," said Charley, "drive ahead," as he stepped back upon the sidewalk, amidst the curious crowd which had gathered to ascertain what was up.

Charley Burton would not have let the coachman drive off so readily if he had not been convinced that the fellow told the truth. He well knew that it was an old dodge of the Brigands, when pursued, to hop into a coach and then leap out again at a sudden turn, and frequently this ruse had proved successful, as the officers in pursuit, not hearing the coach stop, would generally follow it, when the thief had dodged out and given them the slip. The detective was convinced that this was the trick that had just been played; and now came the question, who was the fellow flying from? "He is somewhere on that block, and I'm going to find him," muttered the detective, as he strolled down the street.

Although proceeding some distance from the scene of his late encounter with the driver of the coach, the detective still kept in sight, and covertly watched in anticipation that the man he was in search of would show himself as soon as he discovered that the excitement was over.

Charley Burton paced to and fro until he saw that the crowd had dispersed, when he started to return, resolved to learn something of the habits and character of the occupants of every house upon the block. As he crossed the street, he observed a woman coming toward him. One quick glance, and he knew her.

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, "that is she. The she-bird is seeking her mate. My fine lady," he continued, "had I run across you before I saw this man, you would not have taken

many steps before your fair wrists had been decorated with a pair of bracelets; but now I'll watch you. You may be hastening to your *nest*, my birdie, and I can bide my time as far as you are concerned. *It's the man I want now.*"

While these thoughts were passing through the detective's mind, he had turned about and concealed a view of his face. He did not wish that woman to see him, but he was determined to watch her movements. As he anticipated, she turned in the direction of the houses in one of which, he had reason to believe, the man was at that very moment concealed; and having arrived in front of the third one from the corner, she came to a halt, for a moment glanced cautiously up and down the street, then hastily ascended the stoop, and entered the house with a latch key.

"Now is my opportunity, my lady," muttered Charley, as he quickened his pace and proceeded to the house, ascended the stoop and rang the bell. The door was opened by a negress, who said:

"Well, massa, what yer want heah?"

"Does Mr. Henderson live in this house?"

"No; Mr. Henderson nor nobody libs in dis yer house but me, and my name is Dinah."

"Your name is Dinah, is it? Well, you are just the person I am looking for, Dinah," said Charley, with a pleasant smile, as he pushed inside of the door. "Yes, Dinah, I have been looking for you for some weeks."

As the detective spoke, he forced his way into the hall, and closed the door.

"Look heah, massa!" exclaimed the negress, her indignation for a moment outweighing her terror, "yer ain't got no right to come inter a body's house dat 'ar way, no how, and I want yer to jes' clar out and go about yer business!"

"Hold on, Dinah, just speak low, if you please; I want to go into this room here and ask you a few questions, and it depends upon how willingly and truthfully you answer me to determine whether I shall let you remain here or take you away to prison with a pair of these on your wrists;" and as Charley spoke he exposed a pair of handcuffs.

"I dunno what yer can want with me, massa," mumbled Dinah, as she reluctantly entered the parlor. "I ain't nobody, I ain't; and I neber done nuffin--to make a policeman ax me questions."

"That remains to be seen," remarked Charley as he closed the parlor door; then drawing a pistol from his pocket, he coolly cocked it, and assuming a threatening look, he added:

"Now, Dinah, don't you attempt to deceive me, but tell me at once who that man was that entered this house in a great hurry a few moments ago!"

"Dar wern't no man jes come in dis yer house a few minutes ago, massa, it war a *woman*."

"Well, who was the woman that just came in?"

"Dar wern't no woman dat jes come in, boss, it was a good while ago."

"Now, Dinah, you are lying, and I will have to put the handcuffs on you and take you to jail if you don't speak the truth."

"Golly, massa, I had spoke de trufe, nuffin but de trufe, as sure as I lib."

"Well, who was the woman that came in here a good while ago, then?"

"Dat war last week, massa, and I hab forgot all about who it wer now."

Charley could not repress a low laugh upon hearing the weak attempts to deceive him.

"Look here, Dinah, you are an old rogue, you're used to lying; but now, let me tell you something. About twenty minutes ago a man came in this house through the basement door, and less than five minutes ago a woman came in with a latch key by the upper front door; now I want you to tell me who they were."

"If yer tink yer saw a man and woman came in heah, massa, yer can jes go and find dem, and ax derselves who dey be, for I can't tell yer, dat am shuah, for I didn't see nobody, and dat ar am de trufe."

"Very well, Dinah, to make things sure, I will lend you these ornaments for a few moments, then I will lock you in this room, and go and look; and if I find that you have deceived me, it will be a long time before you get them off again."

"All right, massa," said Dinah, with a chuckle. "I'se willin'; yer will find dat I hab told yer de true, and dat yer hab made one big mistake; yer in de wrong house, dats whats de matter, shuah."

Having properly adjusted the handcuffs, Charley went to the back room and locked the

door on the inside; he then returned to the front room, and as he stood in the doorway, with the key in his hand, he said:

"If I catch you making any attempts to get out of this room, Dinah, I won't hesitate to put a ball or two in your skull."

"I don't want ter make no 'tempt to git out ob my own house, massa; I ain't done nuffin, an' de righteous am as bold as a lion."

"Well, I hope it will turn out that you are righteous," said Charley, as he closed the door, and turned the key on the outside, and started to ascend the stairs. He had proceeded up less than half the distance when he heard the rustle of a silk dress in the upper hall, as though some one were passing through it rapidly, and his heart beat tumultuously, as he felt that he was on the eve of some terrible and startling discovery.

CHAPTER XV.

With a bound Charley Burton sprung up the stairs; but whoever had been there had vanished. He saw no one. Without a moment's hesitation, but keenly on his guard against a sudden surprise, he pushed open the door of the room nearest to him, and entered. It was empty: he looked in every closet and also under the bedstead, yet saw no one, though all about were scattered undoubted evidences of its recent occupation. From the back room he proceeded into the front, and searched high and low, in every nook and corner, and so from room to room he went, still not the least indication could he discover of the actual presence of the woman whom he had seen enter the house, and who he believed he had heard moving about while he was ascending the stairs.

Carefully and critically he now began to search for some little clew which would indicate the secret. But at length, after the most keen and diligent scrutiny, he was compelled to acknowledge that he was baffled, and was about leaving the room for the purpose of again interrogating Dinah, when he was attracted by an article which lay upon the toilet table. Hastily crossing the room with an exclamation of surprise, he raised a casket to the light, and at once his excitement was visibly intense, as he fairly gasped out:

"Great heavens! this is the missing casket which contained Adele's jewels! I am on the right track, here is the proof. Oh, God! oh, God! I am standing at this moment under the same roof with General Dutay's murderer, and—and—my—oh, oh! oh, no! I dare not breathe it!"

For some moments Charley Burton continued to gaze at the casket like one who was fascinated by some potent charm; at length, raising his voice, he said:

"I will force the truth from that negress." As he again turned to leave the room, he was suddenly confronted by a villainous-looking man, who said, fiercely:

"You'll force nothing from that negress while I am around."

"And who, pray, are you?" said Charley.

"I am the owner of this house, at least the lessee of it, and I want you to moosey."

"Go easy, my friend; if you are an honest man, I have a little information to give you. At this very moment the most desperate brigand and murderer in the United States is concealed somewhere beneath this roof."

"Have you a legal warrant for entering my house?"

"Yes, I have a legal right to enter your house."

"Will you show it?"

"No, I will not, until I am convinced that you are really the proprietor. I feel satisfied, in my own mind, that you are a confederate of the parties I am in search of, and that I would be justified in arresting you."

"And I feel that I would be justified in throwing you down stairs out into the street." The speaker was a powerful man, and physically capable of putting his threat into execution. And with the intention of intimidating him, Charley quietly drew his pistol from his pocket, cocked it, and said:

"You are my prisoner!"

"Not if I know myself. I can play that game, too. I think you are a fraud—that you have come into this house to steal."

For an instant, the two men gazed warily at each other, and in a second, a desperate encounter might have ensued, when half a dozen men entered the room, and crowded around the door. So sudden had been their appearance, that for

a moment the detective was completely staggered with amazement.

"What is the row here?" inquired one of the men.

"Why, this chap here represents himself as a cop, and says that the greatest murderer in the world is concealed in this house."

"I guess he mistook the house; the houses in this row appear alike, and such a mistake could be easily made."

Seeing that it was no use to argue the matter under present circumstances, Charley pretended to admit that it was possible he had made a mistake, and he said: "Very well, I suppose I must accept your statements."

The usual reassuring remarks were now passed from one to the other all around, as Charley descended the stairs, followed by two of the men, and entered the parlor to take the handcuffs off of the negress. But, although he found the door locked, when he unlocked it and went into the parlor, he found the negress gone, handcuffs and all. He was on his guard now, and prepared for surprises, and gave no evidence of missing her at all. Coming out again into the hall, he was just passing out of the door, which was held open by one of the men, when he heard a woman's laugh, and the words:

"I believe that cop is my evil genius. It is the same chap I bilked about two months ago."

Upon hearing this remark, Charley quickly turned about, and started toward the stairs to rush up again, when one of the men suddenly seized hold of him and pushed him toward the door, when the other seized him also, and in an instant he was hurled down the stoop. As the door was slammed to, and as he gathered himself up, he heard a heavy bolt slid across on the inner side.

Chagrin, rage and excitement for a moment caused the blood to rush through his veins at a fearful impetus, and he was about to call for assistance and again rush up the stoop, when he recognized a prominent detective coming rapidly toward him.

"Hello, Burton!" exclaimed the latter, as he approached, "what is the row?"

"Row enough!" was Charley's reply; and pointing up toward the door through which he had just been so unceremoniously thrust, he added: "Brown, we must get into that den instantly."

"That's all right—that's all right, Charley," and Brown motioned mysteriously; and seizing the former by the arm, he drew him away.

Brown was one of the oldest officers on the force. He had been the hero of more successful detective jobs than any other one officer in New York; and believing that he had sufficient and satisfactory reasons for his actions, Charley permitted himself to be led away without further protest.

As soon as they had got some distance away, Brown said:

"What was the trouble, Charley? How did you come to get into that house?"

"I saw the woman enter there, who laid me out, two months ago, and I believe that her pal, who I have reason to think was the murderer of General Dutay, and also the assassin of the rich Jew broker is concealed in there also."

Upon hearing this statement, Brown gave utterance to a surprised whistle, saying:

"My man, there's big money in both of those jobs."

"Hang the money if we can only secure the murderers."

"That's all right, Burton, we'll get them. You are a pretty cute chap, and you and I will go 'pards' in the job; but you must keep a still tongue in your head, or else there will be a dozen of the lads coming in to claim a share of the rake."

"Well, if you are so anxious to have the job between you and me, why didn't you take my advice and assist me to re-enter at once? The woman was surely there then, by this time she may have flown."

"It's unlucky that they took refuge in Caxton's crib, it wouldn't do to pull them out of that place."

This remark caused Charley to exclaim in surprise:

"Why not pull them from that crib as well as any other?"

"Well, you see Caxton always lays in with the boys, and puts up a stake when any of them are broke, and there ain't any of them who would go back on him."

"Who wouldn't go back on him?"

"Why, any of the detective force; he is a good friend to the boys, you know."

"Is he a thief?"

"No, not exactly a thief; but, you know, all the boss thieves are heavy gamblers, and they drop the most of their money in Caxton's crib, and he wouldn't like to have one of them pulled from his house; but he gives us lots of information, you know, and when some of the Ring 'knucks' are cleaned out or go back on him, he gives them away."

"Oh, that's how it is!" said Charley, thoughtfully. "Well, I did not know that."

"Yes, and that is the reason I led you away; but this lad we are after is worth a big stake, and I will see Caxton, and 'fix' things."

"The best way to fix things would be to get assistance, and go through that place, and capture the murderer."

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all; and I'm sorry that you disturbed Caxton; he will be down on us for this."

"I didn't see any gambling apparatus, and I went all through the house."

"Oh, that's all right, he has houses on both streets, and they have secret passages from one to the other. It would take a force of at least twenty men to pull a chap from that house, even if we wanted to; but I will see him and 'fix things,' and you and I will keep this little 'lay out' all to ourselves."

At this moment they were joined by another member of the force, and Brown signaled that they should say nothing about it before him, but when Charley separated from Brown, some time later, he was not fully satisfied in his own mind as to the comparative guilt of all of the "*Brigands of New York*."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN a room of a house situated upon the same block with the mansion where the terrible and mysterious murder of the wealthy broker had taken place, sat a young girl. She was clothed in deep mourning garments, but even they failed to detract from her glorious beauty. At the time we find her, Adele Dutay—for it was she—appeared lost in gloomy thought. Presently the door opened, and her maid, Fannie, the same who had furnished the detectives their clew by her sudden inquiry for the missing jewels, upon the morning succeeding the murder, entered the room.

"I am glad that you have come, Fanny," said Adele.

"And I am glad to get back," replied the servant. "I was almost frightened out of my wits."

"Did you see the chief of the detective officers himself?"

"I saw a handsome but fierce-looking man, with an enormous mustache, who said that he was the chief."

"Did he read my note in your presence?"

"Yes."

"What did he say after he had read it?"

"He read it two or three times over. The first time he only smiled, the last time he laughed right out, and then turned and looked at me so impudently with his great black eyes that I felt as though I'd like to strike him right in the face."

"Didn't he say anything, or make any inquiries?"

"Oh, yes, he made a good many inquiries. When he got through laughing, he said: 'Did you write this note?' I told him I did not. Then he asked me what my name was. I told him it didn't make any difference, and then he threatened me."

"Threatened you—with what?"

"Why, he put on an awful solemn look, and said: 'Do you know what is in this note?' I told him no, and he said, 'Well, this is a pretty serious matter. I guess I'll have to lock you up until I inquire into it.'"

"Why, my poor girl, if I had thought I was leading you into any such danger as this, I never would have sent you. Did he attempt to put his threat into execution?"

"No, but I expected that he would every minute. He told me to take a seat, and then, after keeping me there for about half an hour, he finally looked up and said, abruptly, 'You can go.'"

"Didn't he say anything more?"

"Not a word."

"Didn't he give you the least idea that he intended to comply with the request in my note?"

"He didn't say one word to me more than I have told you, Miss Adele, and I was so glad

to get out and away from there, I did not stop to ask him."

"I fear, Fanny, that after all I may have taken a wrong step."

"My dear Miss Adele, if I knew anything about the circumstances, I could advise you, but I only know that you have some secret sorrow that causes you much more agony than the death of your uncle alone. I know that there is some mystery which you can not or will not solve; what this mystery may be, I can only guess."

"And have you tried to guess?"

"If I might speak of what I guess, Miss Adele—"

"Well, what do you guess?"

"And I will not offend you?"

"No."

"Well, I believe that you suspect that Mr. Edgar Hall was the murderer of your uncle."

"Oh, Fanny!" exclaimed Adele, as her face turned deathly white, and a look of intense agony settled upon it, "what led you to suspect such a thing as that?"

"As I have spoken at all, I will speak out. I have overheard you talk in your sleep."

"And what did I say?"

"Enough to convince me that you had such a suspicion; but whatever the reason of your suspicion, I believe, in my heart, Miss Adele, that it is unjust."

Adele was surprised upon hearing these words from Fanny. She was well aware that night and day the terrible discovery of the murderer's identity had haunted her; and under these circumstances, she felt that if she had talked at all in her sleep, she must have told all, and unconsciously have made a confidante of her servant. During the few moments that Adele revolved the consequences of her nocturnal revelation, she considered this, and finally resolved to make a full confidante of Fanny, and she said:

"Fanny, you are right, partially. I do not suspect Edgar Hall of being my uncle's assassin; I know that he was."

"Then, miss, why did you not hand him over to justice?"

"Have you forgotten that he was my affianced husband?"

"But can it be possible that you could retain any regard for him after you discovered that he was a villain and a murderer?"

"That is the question I have been asking myself ever since that fatal night," answered Adele, as a glow of excitement mantled her cheeks and a strange light blazed in her eyes. "I feel myself to be a monster of wickedness for not having the courage to do what was right. And yet I delayed. There was no doubt of his guilt; but, in spite of myself, the power of the love I once felt for him was still upon me. Like the poor bird that flutters over the fangs of the serpent that is charming it to destruction, I fluttered over this fatal secret until—oh, God! Fanny, I was awakened to the enormity of my sin, by becoming, through it, I feel, accessory to a second murder, even more dastardly than that of my uncle!"

"What do you mean, Miss Adele? Oh, Heavens! can it be possible that the assassin of General Dutay and of poor Mr. Nathanson were one and the same?"

"Yes, Fanny. The night of this last murder, feeling oppressed and unable to sleep, I arose from my bed, went to the window a moment for a breath of air, and beheld two men passing rapidly down upon the opposite side of the street. As a mere matter of curiosity, I watched them, until they arrived under the light of the gas lamp across the way, when, just for an instant, I caught a glimpse of the features of Edgar Hall; and when I heard of the murder, I knew that I could name the murderer. And yet, up to the present time, I have held my peace."

"Miss Adele, it seems to me that if I discovered that my own brother was such a monster, I would have handed him over to justice."

"And yet, Fanny, even after discovering the second crime, some evil influence compelled me to hold my peace; and I conveyed a warning to Edgar Hall, telling him that, unless he fled and reformed, I should disclose my terrible secret."

"And was it for this that you sent me to the police office this morning?"

"It was. I have sent for a detective. I am determined to tell the whole truth. And yet, Fannie, with cheeks of shame, I confess that, if I followed the promptings of my own wicked heart, I would still try to shield that villain."

"And did you never suspect before, Miss

Adele, that Edgar Hall had some secret history? Did you know nothing of his antecedents when you promised to become his bride?"

"No, Fannie, and I never asked him. I met him in the ordinary way at the house of a friend. I admired him from the first. He was so handsome and so gentle in his manner, and constantly gave utterance to such noble sentiments, that it never entered my inexperienced head that there could be anything wrong. In my eyes he was all that was pure and noble and beautiful."

"But did not your uncle ever make any inquiries concerning him?"

"No; uncle was not aware of our engagement. That was a false step, and has entailed other false steps, although within the week that my uncle was slain, I was waiting for an opportunity to confess the truth."

"Did not the friends at whose house you met him ever volunteer any information concerning him?"

"Yes; at different times they told me much, especially after they suspected that he was paying me attentions; and their assurances only confirmed my own preconceived conviction of his nobility."

Further conversation between mistress and maid was interrupted by a knock at the room door. When Fannie opened the door, one of the house servants handed her a card, and stated that an old gentleman waited in the drawing-room. Fannie handed the card to her mistress, who glanced at it, and inquired, tremulously:

"What kind of a looking man gave you this card?"

"A very respectable-looking old gentleman," replied the servant.

"Very well, show him up to this room."

As the servant left the door Fannie turned with a face not less pale than her mistress', and said:

"Dear Miss Adele, who is it? you look as if you were about to faint."

"I must not faint," replied Adele, with an effort; "and I pray Heaven for strength to do my duty; it is the detective!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"I WAS sent by the chief of the detective force in answer to your note," said the old officer, as he was ushered into Adele Dutay's presence.

"Yes, sir," replied Adele; "please be seated."

"Would it not be better, miss, if we were left alone? As a usual thing, it is not customary to have witnesses during an interview connected with the business that has brought me here."

At a signal from Adele, Fannie left the room. The moment the door closed behind her the officer said:

"May I ask your name?"

"My name is Adele Dutay."

"Then you are the niece of the General Dutay who was the victim of a foul murder some months since?"

"Yes, sir. General Dutay was my uncle."

"Are you aware that it is generally supposed that you yourself are dead?"

Adele colored painfully as she replied, "Yes, I am aware that it is supposed that some fatal accident had befallen me."

"May I ask why you did not correct this impression?"

"I had reasons for not correcting this impression which have no bearing upon the business I have with you, sir."

"Very well, then we will at once proceed to the business which brought me here. I believe that you intended to indicate in your note that you could furnish some important information concerning the late terrible and mysterious assassination which has recently horrified the public?"

"Yes, sir, I can furnish the name of the murderer," gasped out Adele in reply, while her features were distorted by an expression of agony which was truly pitiful to behold; and had she not been thus painfully excited herself, she would have noticed that the old officer was also singularly affected, as he said:

"Well, what is his name, and what are the grounds for your suspicion?"

"His name is Edgar Hall. I saw him commit the first murder, or rather recognized him as the robber in my room, who murdered my uncle to make sure his escape."

"And why do you think that the same man who murdered your uncle also assassinated Mr. Nathanson?"

"Because I saw the same man flying from the scene of the murder a few minutes after its perpetration."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the old detective, rising to his feet excitedly, "can this be possible! Shall this monster never be run to earth!"

The old man's excitement caused Adele to gaze at him in amazement as she said:

"Had you any reason to suspect the party I named before I told you what I had?"

For a moment the detective did not reply to her question, and she repeated it.

"No, no; the gentleman whose name you have mentioned has never been under suspicion."

"Then you know Mr. Hall?"

"Yes; I have known him a great many years, and never believed that he could be capable of such an act. His character has always stood above reproach."

"Is it not possible that he may have been living a double character?"

"Yes, it is possible, but not probable."

"Why do you think it is not probable?"

"Because it would be impossible for a man to reside in New York, and be guilty of the crimes which you attribute to Edgar Hall, and have no suspicion attached to his actions."

"Then do you think I am laboring under a mistake, and that Edgar Hall is not really guilty?"

"I do not say that. You must recollect that I have not heard the grounds on which you base your suspicion. If you will tell me every circumstance connected with your first acquaintance with Edgar Hall—your subsequent intercourse with him, and the incidents of the night of the murder of General Dutay, I will be able to form some idea of the correctness of your conclusions."

In compliance with the detective's suggestion, Adele minutely detailed every incident of her acquaintance with Edgar Hall, including her misunderstanding a few days previous to the death of her uncle, his singular conduct at the entertainment which preceded the murder, the terrible scene in her room after midnight, her startling discovery of his identity, the subsequent murder, and her second recognition of him under the gaslight, flying guiltily from the scene of the recent murder.

During her recital, the detective leaned with his chin upon his cane, and steadfastly gazed upon her face, and listened to her story to the end, without once interrupting her; but when she concluded, he said:

"These are strange incidents that you have told me, and this matter appears to be shrouded in a terrible mystery; but answer me this question—what day of the month was it that General Dutay was murdered?"

Adele mentioned the date.

"And you say," resumed the detective, "that you saw Edgar Hall present at the entertainment upon that evening?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Then that is the beginning of the mystery."

"Why do you say that that is the beginning of the mystery?"

"Simply because Edgar Hall was not present at that entertainment at all. He left New York two days previously, and did not return until the morning succeeding the murder."

Adele partly rose to her feet, and gazed at the detective in astonishment, as she exclaimed:

"How can you say that, when I saw him present myself?"

"Did he come early or late in the evening?"

"He came late."

"Did he remain long?"

"I think not."

"Are you positively certain that it was Edgar Hall whom you saw? Did you speak to him?"

"I did not. There happened but one opportunity, and then he glanced at me as coldly and indifferently as though I had been a stranger."

"Did not this seeming indifference strike you as very remarkable on the part of your affianced husband?"

"It did. At the time I attributed it to an intended punishment for the momentary petulance which led to our misunderstanding. I am now convinced that he was actuated by entirely different motives."

"What motive?"

"He had already formed the plan of his intended robbery."

"I can see no indication that such a motive would lead to such a line of action. You say

he looked at you as though you were a stranger?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was perfectly natural. I don't believe the individual whom you mistook for Edgar Hall upon that occasion, ever saw you before."

Adele became confused and excited. An undefined feeling of dread crept over her. She began to feel a terror of the old man with whom she was conversing. After a moment's pause, she said, abruptly:

"Why are you so anxious to prove that I did not see Edgar Hall that night?"

"Because I know you are the victim of some terrible mistake. I know that Edgar Hall left the city two days previously."

"But you admit that he was in the city on the morning following the murder?"

"Yes."

"Then is it not possible that you are the one who has been deceived? Would it not have been easy for him to pretend that he was going to leave town and conceal himself purposely?"

"He could have done so, but he did not."

"He must have returned, then, the night before the murder, for I can positively swear that I saw and recognized him at my uncle's house some time between ten and twelve o'clock on the night preceding the murder."

"And I can swear, Miss Dutay, that you did not," said the officer, in low, decided tones.

"How can you swear to it?"

"Because I know that he was not in the city of New York at that time."

"How can you assert that against the positive evidence of my own eyesight?"

"Supported by the evidence of my own eyes. I left the city in company with Edgar Hall, and returned in company with him on the morning after the murder. Edgar Hall was one hundred miles distant when that crime was perpetrated."

Upon hearing this singular contradiction and denial of the evidence of her own eyes, Adele arose to her feet, and actually quivering with excitement, stepped across the room, placed her hand impetuously upon the old man's shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Speak! speak! who are you?"

"My name is Brown," replied the officer quietly, and without the least evidence of excitement.

"Whoever you are," exclaimed Adele, starting back in an agony of terror, "you have come to me in disguise! You are an impostor. Oh, God! have I been betrayed?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I say, lads, you're crowding me a little too heavy lately. I can stand most anything, but I've had a bad 'streak' lately, and I can't stand the pressure much longer; you must make a break, or I will have to close the bank against you."

"What's the matter now, Lem?" replied one of the young men, in answer to the address with which this chapter opens, "are you going to shake us?"

"No, Tom, I have no desire to shake you, but you know I must look out for myself; there is a bottom to my purse, as long as it is; and as about all the lads have been on the borrow lately, like yourselves, I am pretty nearly cleaned out."

"Well, old man, you just keep quiet for a couple of days, and we will fix you out all right."

"Well, you can't be about it too soon."

The conversation was continued some time longer, when the two young men left the room, and left Lem Caxton alone. Shortly after their departure, an opposite door from that which they had passed through, opened, and Lottie Redway entered.

"Has Tom gone out, Lem?" she inquired, as she seated herself in a luxurious arm-chair.

"Yes; he and Riley have just gone out together. I have been talking to them. I gave them to understand that it was about time they did a little business."

"I think so myself."

"I say, Lottie, ain't you getting kind of tired of Tom?" As Lem said this, he cast a significant look at Lottie.

"What makes you ask that question?" and she fastened her handsome eyes keenly upon his face.

"Well, it has become necessary for me to make a stake, and the rewards offered for Tom have made him a valuable man. I owe him a

grudge as well, and I propose to give him away for murder. You will be taken care of if you keep quiet, but if you 'kick' I'll let you go with him."

"I wish Tom was here."

"Why?"

"I would tell him of your infamy, right in your very presence."

"Bah! what do I care for Tom? You will never see Tom again. I made up my mind to this when I sent him away on a brace."

"You may think that you have got all the winning cards, but you will find out in the end that you have lost the game."

As Lottie Redway ceased speaking, she started to cross the room toward the same door through which her husband had so recently passed, when Lem Caxton rose to his feet and intercepted her.

"No, no, Lottie," he said; "you must remain here with me for the present."

"Why?"

"Because I want you to. I am king in this house. Every one obeys my will."

"All right. I know that it ain't no use to scream or make a fuss; but my time will come, and then you will suffer for this outrage."

"This is a sensible way of taking it, Lottie."

Lem knew that Lottie Redway was a desperate and dangerous woman; but he did not anticipate that she would attempt any games with him under present circumstances. He believed that she could put up a cunning trick, and would not scruple at anything; but, as it afterward transpired, he made a wide miscalculation. Stepping across the room, he turned the key in the door, and resumed his seat. A triumphant smile was upon his face, a satisfied light in his eyes, and his lips were just formed to say something, when Lottie Redway suddenly sprang across the room, and, ere he could offer the least resistance, she had plunged a knife, once, twice, thrice, in his powerful breast. He at once sprang to his feet, and attempted to clutch her; but for a moment he staggered helplessly about, and then, with a groan, sunk upon the floor, as Lottie flourished the bloody knife in his face, and exclaimed:

"Lem Caxton, I told you you would lose the game."

"For Heaven's sake, woman, ring that bell! I am dying!"

"Of course you are, you traitor!"

"Will you ring that bell?" said Lem in a feeble voice.

"And give you an opportunity to give me away as your murderess? No, Lem Caxton, I am going to stay here and see you die. No one will ever suspect me, as you, for purposes of your own, concealed the fact of my presence."

"Fiend, have you no pity?"

"Did you have any? didn't you threaten to give my husband away? didn't you try to rob him of his wife, while pretending to be his friend? Ha! ha! where was your honor among thieves?"

Caxton made an effort to crawl toward the bell-rope, when Lottie cruelly pushed him back with her foot, and said: "Don't try that, Lem, or I will finish you."

We will not attempt to describe the horrors of the scene that ensued. Either one of the wounds which Caxton had received would, in the end, have proven fatal, and, after writhing for nearly half an hour, mingling prayers with the most blasphemous curses, this wicked man of crime finally gasped forth his last breath, and lay still in death.

His murderess gazed at his expiring agonies with a cool, pitiless glance, and when, finally, his wicked, sin-steeped soul had taken its flight, she arranged things about the room so as to make it appear that a desperate struggle had taken place, and then stole out of the room by the same door through which she had entered, after first having unlocked the other.

Thus crime clashes with crime, and the final doom is verified: "The wages of sin is death."

CHAPTER XIX.

"You have not been betrayed, miss, neither am I an impostor, although I have come to see you in disguise. If you will think a moment you will perceive that there is nothing unusual in a detective officer assuming a disguise."

"You may speak truly concerning your disguise, but why is it that you attempt to make me disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes? Why do you insist that I did not see and recognize Edgar Hall as my uncle's assassin?"

"He was not in New York at the time General Dutay was murdered. I know this for a certainty. If he was not in New York he could not have committed the murder. If he did not murder your uncle, it is equally probable that he had no hand in the recent murder, and is, after all, the high-toned gentleman, and brave, kindly man that you at one time believed him to be."

"Then how do you explain the mystery?"

"It must be some fatal resemblance."

"Have you ever seen this person who so much resembles Edgar Hall?"

"I have."

"Do you know the history of this wonderful resemblance?" and Adele leaned forward with excited eagerness when she asked this last question.

"I do know the history of this fatal resemblance, and long ere this would have told the whole story to you, if you had not fled away and hidden yourself from all of your friends."

"Who are you?" again exclaimed Adele, a sudden suspicion flashing across her mind.

"I am Edgar Hall."

"I thought so," said Adele, as her features assumed a hard expression, and her eyes burned with an indignant light; "I thought so," she repeated. "And you are villain enough to come here and try and impose upon me with this story; your duplicity is proven by the very disguise in which you have come. My sensitive blood chilled in your presence before you disclosed your identity. Edgar Hall, begone! You know now your danger: you know now that I intend to surrender you to justice; begone, I say!"

"And you are the gentle, loving Adele Dutay who pledged me her love; and you can stand there, and refuse to hear my proofs that I am all that you once believed me to be. If cruelly can exceed this, I am yet to learn it."

"I do not know why I permit myself to prolong this conversation."

"Since you have conversed with me thus long, why not let me tell you my story?"

"I will tell you why; because I believe that you are capable of concocting a tale which would tend to convince me against the evidence of my own senses."

"And you still believe me to be the robber and assassin that entered your uncle's house, and killed him?"

"I do."

"Then may Heaven forgive you! for you do me an injustice which, when too late, you will repent."

"When that day comes, I will thank Heaven for an opportunity to perform any expiation which may be designed for me."

"That day will come. Adieu."

When the disguised Edgar Hall left her presence, Adele sank insensible up on the floor; and thus her maid found her when she re-entered the room. Fanny had seen persons faint before, and instead of calling for assistance, she set about restoring her young mistress to consciousness, and after some time succeeded. When fully restored, Fanny said:

"My dear miss, what happened during your interview with that horrid detective that caused you to faint?"

"Have you any idea, Fanny, who that man was?"

"No more than that he was one of those dreadful detective men who almost frightened me out of my wits this morning."

"It was Edgar Hall himself in disguise."

"Edgar Hall!" exclaimed Fanny, as a look of amazement flashed over her face. Then she added: "If that was Edgar Hall, who was the man I saw? For, as true as I am living and speaking this moment, while that man was here, I saw Mr. Edgar Hall passing on the opposite side of the street."

"What is that you are saying?" said Adele, gazing in surprise at her maid.

"I am saying, Miss Adele, that, while that officer who you say was Edgar Hall was in this room with you, I saw the real Mr. Edgar Hall pass this house, on the opposite side of the street."

"How could you see Edgar Hall pass the house when he was here in this room with me?"

"That, miss, is what I don't understand. I saw either him or his ghost, and I am sure of it. Who can solve the mystery?"

"Yes, yes, Fanny—who can solve the mystery? For some terrible mystery there is. Oh, God!" she murmured, as a perplexed look stole over her face, "after all, can it be possible that I am laboring under some terrible mis-

take? Fanny," she exclaimed, suddenly, "put on your things at once, hasten to headquarters, and find that man who was here—or, stop; ask for Mr. Hall, see him, and tell him to come to me at once."

In obedience to Adele's command, Fanny hastened over to the chief's office and inquired for Mr. Hall, but was informed that there was no such man on the force.

"Who was the man that you sent in answer to that note I brought you?"

After thinking a moment, and glancing over his memorandum book, the chief said:

"Oh, I recollect now; I put that matter in the hands of Charley Burton, a young officer who has been sick. Is that the man you want to see?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, he is not here now. You can leave a message for him."

"Please tell him that my young mistress would like to see him again as soon as possible." And Fanny took her departure.

Upon her return home Adele inquired, eagerly:

"Did you see Mr. Hall?"

"No, miss; there is no man on the force by the name of Hall. The captain says that the man who came to see you was a Mr. Burton."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" murmured Adele; "mystery upon mystery! After all, could I have been the victim of another deception? Yes, yes, now I see it all—the man who came here in disguise and represented himself as Edgar Hall, must have been an accomplice; the real Edgar Hall was awaiting without, after having thoroughly posted this man who assumed his character. This, at least, solves one of the mysteries. Charley Burton interviewed me, while the villain Hall paraded himself conspicuously upon the opposite side of the street. Probably if I had allowed him to tell his well-rehearsed story, he would have concluded by calling me to the window, and pointing out his double." At this instant Fanny, who was standing at the window, suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Adele, there he goes now!"

"Who?" exclaimed Adele.

"Mr. Hall himself."

Rising and going to the window Adele looked out, and there, true enough, she beheld Edgar Hall, sauntering slowly along, dressed in the extreme of fashion.

As she retired from the window, she exclaimed:

"Thank God I did not permit myself to be deceived a second time!"

CHAPTER XX.

LEON DUTAY had anticipated more trouble than he actually encountered, when he put in a claim for his murdered uncle's estate; but the sudden disappearance and subsequent proof of Adele's death made the way clear to its undisputed possession.

Mr. Hasbrouck had done all that he could to contest his claim; but with no other claimant for whom to battle, his interference did not amount to much, and Leon Dutay became the undisputed heir-at-law.

One lowery afternoon, he sat in his room, gazing alternately at two photographs which he held in either hand.

"I am rich," he muttered, "and yet, should either of these two persons discover the good fortune that I have fallen heir to, I would be compelled to divide with them, or my life would not be worth a sixpence."

One of the photographs represented the face of a keen-eyed, villainous-looking man, evidently between forty and fifty years of age; the other was the semblance of the face of a girl—a glorious wealth of hair floated down over her shoulders, her eyes were radiantly beautiful, but a ghastly scar had made hideous the balance of her face, which otherwise would have been transcendently beautiful.

Resuming his soliloquy, Leon Dutay murmured:

"When I was poor, and living from hand to mouth, I met them at every step I turned; but I dared not do then what I would dare now. Night after night I have searched, and been unable to find them. Oh, that I could! Oh, with what a mad joy I could drive a stiletto to his heart, and close an iron grasp around the throat of his viperish daughter! I can but wait. He and I have got to meet, and I feel that my star is now in the ascendant. I'll not surrender a dollar of this wealth! I'll die first! No, no; I

have steeped my soul in too much guilt to obtain the gold which always, like an *ignis fatuus*, fluttered just beyond my grasp. And now, by one bold stroke, followed by but little effort, I find myself the possessor of millions; and I'll hold on to them to the death!"

At this instant his soliloquy was interrupted by a light touch upon his shoulder. Starting suddenly he turned and beheld the dark face and gleaming eyes of his valet, whereon rested a cautionary smirk, while his finger was raised warningly, as though to indicate silence and caution. So noiseless and catlike had been the valet's entrance and transit across the room, that his master was not aware of his presence until he felt the warning touch upon his shoulder.

"Well, Otto," said Dutay, in a low whisper, "what is it you have to tell me?"

"I have seen her."

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed the master, springing to his feet, while his face became blanched with terror.

"Did you see her father, too?"

"Oh, you mistake; it was not *her* that I saw."

"Then who the devil was it?"

"The rightful heir of your present wealth, Adele Dutay."

"Bah! you fool; she has been dead these two months."

"You thought so, but she is alive. I saw her to-day."

"Where?"

"Standing on the sidewalk, on the opposite side of the street, directly in front of this house."

"Admitting that it was Miss Dutay that you saw, how do you account for her disappearance, the story of her death, and her continued concealment?"

"I think that she herself gave out, or helped to confirm the story of her death. I always thought there was something very strange about the whole affair. If I had not been sure that you had had nothing to do with her death I would have more readily believed it."

"You appear to have a very high opinion of me."

"I know you."

"Do you, you rascal? Well, if you do, you need not be so free in giving expression to your opinion."

"I did not speak to give offense. I spoke in a business way, you ought to know that, Master Leon."

"Well, but about this girl, what do you think has been her object in concealing a knowledge of her whereabouts?"

"I think that it goes to prove that she is a cunning and dangerous customer, and I believe that she has been to France."

"To France!"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To investigate the truth of your story; and as she has returned you may rest assured that she has obtained facts which will prove dangerous to your security."

"Otto, you may be right."

"I think I am."

"What are we to do?"

"What have we often done, for less money than is now involved?"

"You are right; but this will prove a dangerous job, especially if this girl has put herself in communication with her lawyer. I believe that that fellow came within an ace of arresting me for her murder. If he could have found the faintest clew whereon to make a charge he would have done so, but, fortunately for me, he was baffled; but I am certain that he had detectives on my track for weeks, and may have, even now."

"I do not believe that she has communicated with her lawyer."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I believe that she intends to treat with you first; if our other surmises are correct, why, the last is likely to be; so it proves that she is a smart, cute girl, and intends to regain possession of her rights with as little trouble and publicity as possible."

"I hope your last conclusion is the correct one, because if she once comes inside these doors, we would have everything in our own hands."

"If she comes inside of these doors she must be permitted to pass out through them again, unharmed."

"She must! Why, pray?"

"Because it would not be safe to have anything happen to her beneath this roof."

"Well, well, what fresh deviltry is that man putting into your head now, Leon?"

These words came from the lips of the old housekeeper, as she pushed open the door, and strode into the room, without having given any previous warning.

An angry flush suffused the dark features of the valet, as he hissed out:

"I expected that that old hell-cat would come poking in here."

"Yes, and I will always come poking in here when I think that you are trying to put any fresh villany into Leon's mind."

"Come, come, auntie, you mustn't let your prejudice against Otto carry you quite so far, or I will be under the necessity of sending you back to France."

"I suppose that this is what that monster has been urging you to do."

"No, he has not. When I decide to do so I will act according to my own mind; but—"

At this instant Leon Dutay's further remarks were cut short by a violent ring at the door bell.

"Who can that be?" cried Leon, as his face became perfectly livid with terror.

"Who should it be," whispered Otto, "but Adele Dutay."

"I hope it is," said Leon.

"And so do I," murmured Otto, as with a light step he glided from the room to answer the summons.

CHAPTER XXI.

ABOUT a week subsequent, a man and woman were seated in a dingy apartment in a house situated upon a street lined on either side by tenement houses. From their appearances, it was plainly evident that they had but recently been very much excited. At the time we introduce them to the reader, they were sitting silently staring at each other, with a flushed look of anger upon both countenances. Finally the silence was broken by the woman, who said:

"We have been hunted from hiding-place to hiding-place, and now that you have got a good stake, it is time that we left this country altogether."

"And I tell you that I won't, if I hang; I am on the right lay now for a big stake, and I am going for it."

At that moment there was a rap at the door. Both started guiltily, and turned pale, but at once said, "Come in." The door opened, and gave entrance to a dark, cunning-looking man, who glided noiselessly into the room, after closing the door behind him.

"If my eyes do not deceive me," said the man, "I know you—you are Otto, Leon Duffon's friend and adviser."

"Your eyes don't deceive you, Tom Redway, I am Otto."

"Why, my man, how long have you been in this city?"

"About two years."

"And is Leon Duffon in this country also?"

"Yes, he is. Are you and he on good terms?"

"We were the last time we met; but how did he escape? The last time I heard from him he was sent on a 'sojourn' for about fifteen years."

"Oh, I managed that little business for him; he is all right now, best side up with care, well and hearty."

"You are a pretty smart fellow, Otto. How did you happen to drop upon our present roosting-place?"

"Well, Tom, that's my secret; but I came on business. I have got a job which will pay you big."

"What is the style of business in hand?"

"There is a certain person stands in Leon's way who must be removed to make things safe."

"Is this person a man or a woman?"

"It is a woman."

"Francesca?"

"No."

"Who then can it be? An American woman with whom he has become involved?"

"No."

"Is it one of the guild, or some high-bred lady?"

"What matters it to you, Tom Redway, who it is, as long as it is a job that can be easily accomplished and the pay is large."

"How large?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"That is all right; but tell me, where will I find Leon Duffon?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you just at present."

"Is Francesca living with him now?"

"She is in Europe."

"Then she left since yesterday, for I saw her on Broadway, riding in an elegant coupé."

"What! can this be true?" exclaimed Otto, springing to his feet, and for the first time giving evidence that he could be excited.

"Yes, it is true. I know her features too well to be mistaken; and she too plainly bears yet that terrible scar, the result of Leon Duffon's handiwork."

"I am glad that you told me this. Was her father with her?"

"No; she was in company with a man whom I should judge was an American."

"Were they in a public or private conveyance?"

"I should say it was a private coupé, probably the property of the old cull who was with her."

"You won't take the two thousand?"

"No."

"Well, if I arrange so you receive the five, will you undertake the job?"

"Yes; but I must be made sure of the money. Leon Duffon's word of promise is worthless to me."

"The money shall be put in such a shape that you will be sure of it as soon as the job is done."

During the foregoing conversation, Lottie Redway had been a silent witness. She now spoke, and said:

"Tom Redway, you are a fool to undertake any job for which Leon Duffon is to pay."

"Oh, you need not be worried, Lottie; I will look for my interest. I will see that the money is ready to be had the moment it is earned."

"We may have more work for you after this case is disposed of," said Otto, adding, "for which the pay will be larger."

"We will get through with this one first. I have undertaken this matter, now tell me the name of this sweet woman of whom you want me to make an angel, indeed."

"The name she at present bears is Martha Jones, and she lives at —" and Otto furnished the address, a minute description of her appearance, her habits, and every other necessary particular which would aid her intended assassin to succeed in his foul and bloody work.

"And now, how about the money?" inquired Tom, when he had received all the necessary information.

"Here are two thousand and a half dozen; you shall have the balance when your work is done," and Otto passed over the amount in one hundred-dollar bills.

"Where will I be able to find you?"

"Through a personal in the 'Herald.'"

"And you won't name your present abode?"

"No."

"Well, it don't matter much; I can find you out, I reckon, if you don't come to time."

"I will watch the papers, and will be up to the scratch; you can depend upon getting all your pay, and, as I said before, we may have more work for you if you do this well."

"You may depend upon me." And Otto, the dark fiend, took his departure, and left the two lighter-complexioned fiends, Lottie and Tom Redway, alone. As soon as the former had gone, Tom said:

"Lottie, you can help me in this job."

"No, Tom, I do not want to have anything to do with it."

"Why not, pretty one: you are not growing squeamish, are you?"

"Yes, Tom, I am. In fact, I have weakened considerably since the death of Lem Caxton, and I want to fly from the country altogether."

"Why, my love, what has come over you?"

"I am haunted! Lem Caxton's ghost has solved for me the mystery of a future existence—ugh!" she murmured, as a cold shudder ran over her form. "I wish I could wash his blood off of my hands!" and her pale face assumed a horrified expression, while her eyes glared with an unnatural light.

"Take a glass of brandy, Lottie, you are getting the 'horrors,' my poor girl."

"Yes, Tom, I am getting the horrors, and I wish to give up our present life."

"Here, woman, drink! you are a fool!"

Lottie reached forth her hand, and drank off the liquor, which Tom handed to her, at a draught. The effect of the brandy was instantaneous, and she said:

"I feel better now."

"I knew you would; and when you ever feel any of those strange fancies coming over you, just drown them in a good snifter. Why, you began to make me feel uncomfortable."

"Tom," said Lottie, abruptly, "will you let this be our last job, if I help you through it?"

"Yes, old gal, I will. To tell you the truth, I am getting sick of so much blood myself."

"Will you return to Europe after we make this last stake?"

"I will think of it."

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Otto opened the door at the time his interview with his master was so suddenly interrupted by the ring at the door-bell, instead of finding Adele Dutay there, seeking admission, he found Mr. Hasbrouck, the lawyer.

"Is Mr. Leon Dutay at home?" inquired the lawyer.

"Who wishes to see him?"

"My question was whether Mr. Dutay was at home."

"Yes, sir, and my master directed me to always find out the name of the party who might inquire for him."

"My name is Hasbrouck, and I wish to see your master on important business."

"Mr. Dutay is not well to-day, I will take in your name and see whether he wishes to make an exception in your favor."

"Very well, be quick about it, my time is valuable."

"You will excuse me for allowing you to wait at the door?"

"Certainly."

Otto had thus far carried his point. Returning to the room where his master was anxiously waiting, he informed him who the visitor was.

"Show him into the library, and I will meet him, and woe betide him, if he has come to annoy me with any threats of more law."

Mr. Hasbrouck was shown into the library where, after a short delay, he was joined by Leon Dutay. The latter's manner was exceedingly wary and nervous, while the lawyer was cool, calm, and self-possessed, and a determined and resolute expression rested upon his usually benevolent-looking countenance.

"I am not enjoying good health, and I hope you will state your business as briefly as possible," said Leon Dutay.

"I have come to ask you to surrender this property, and to tell you that you are what from the first I suspected you to be—a gross impostor! Is this statement sufficiently brief?"

"I should say that your business has been directly stated. One more question—How dare you come into my own house and address such epithets to me?"

"Because I am capable of proving them."

"You are under my roof, sir, and claim to be a gentleman, and I expect you to act and talk like one."

"I am not here as a guest; I have come as an accuser. I have come to claim a restoration of that which you illegally hold, and to denounce you as a villain."

"And I, sir, pronounce you a liar; and if you do not instantly retract what you have charged, I will have you thrown from the house."

"Oh! no, you won't, you dare not; you know that I have come prepared for violence, and anticipated being threatened. If you wish to hear the grounds upon which I make these demands and charges, I will give you an opportunity; otherwise, I shall act through the law, and then you will not have the same chance to escape the punishment of your rascality, that I am desirous of allowing you conditionally."

"In other words, you wish to blackmail me?"

"You are mistaken; Leon Duffon is not the sort of man for anybody to attempt to blackmail."

Upon hearing the name Leon Duffon, the man who pretended to pass as Leon Dutay became greatly excited—his face turned purple with rage as he hissed out:

"That is not my name."

"But I can prove that it is."

"Then, this is the story that Adele Dutay has brought to you from France. I expected she would come with just some such trumped-up libel."

If Leon had started upon being addressed as Duffon, the excitement of the lawyer was a hundred times greater upon hearing these last words, and he fairly gasped, as he exclaimed: "Ah, ha! so Miss Dutay is alive, then, and you—you villain, know it."

"I did not say that I knew that she was alive. I only intimated that it was possible that she might be, and you know it; and that this alone had induced you to come here and try to

browbeat and frighten me. No, no; Miss Adele Dutay may at this moment be lying at the bottom of the North River, for aught I know."

"And I know that she does not lie at the bottom of the North River. She is in New York, having just returned from France with proofs of your villainy."

Leon was quick to discover that this last remark was made by the lawyer from information which his own words had conveyed, and he was also satisfied that Adele Dutay and Mr. Hasbrouck had not communicated with each other, as yet. The lawyer's ruse was a quickly conceived and cunning one, but he had a cunning, shrewd man to deal with.

"If Miss Dutay has returned from France, or the North River, either, with any trumped-up accusations against me, she has certainly shown good judgment in selecting such a rascally shyster as you to intimidate me with them. I am prepared, Mr. Hasbrouck, to meet you in the courts, and if you do not bring the matter there I will, so as to defend myself against a repetition of such insults as I have just received at your hands."

"You dark-faced rascal! you dare to call me a shyster, do you? Well, I will show you what kind of a shyster I am, Leon Dufion!"

"If you do not wish to be thrown into the street, do not address me as Dufion again."

"Then I will fail to address you by your true name. Look here, villain! I know your whole history; your attempted murder of your wife, Francesca, whose beautiful face still bears the scar of your treacherous knife; I know of your attempted murder of your wife's father, also the crimes which brought you to the bar of a French court, and for which you were sentenced to the galleys for fifteen years. So mind you, now, you scoundrel, and keep a civil tongue in your head, or I will not only retake from you your stolen property, but hand you over to the French consul. You are in my power, but all I want is to recover what does not belong to you; with your other crimes I'll have nothing to do, unless you force me to, as a punishment for any insolence to myself."

During this excited harangue, Leon Dufion's face presented a picture of abject terror. Conscious guilt was depicted upon every feature, and under all there rested upon his countenance a dangerous and threatening expression.

"Hail you guilty wretch!" continued the lawyer, "your face is a confession of your guilt. Now, answer me, are you going to surrender the property without a struggle, or are you going to compel me to prove my charges in the courts?"

"If I surrender this property—who gets it?"

"Adele Dutay."

"But Adele Dutay is dead," said Leon Dufion.

"I know that you are lying," was Hasbrouck's hot reply. "She is not dead, and you know it."

"I know that she is dead!"

"Then, if she is, it is another foul crime to be added to the catalogue of your infamy."

"I had no hand in her death, no matter what else I may have done. But suppose I prove that she is dead, to whom does the property go?"

"To the next of kin, of course, the heir at law."

"But there is no heir at law. Adele Dutay was the only living relation of the late general."

"Then you admit that you are not a rightful heir."

"Yes; it would be useless for me to deny it, since Francesca Dufion has been your informant."

"And you admit also that your story about Adele Dutay was a foul lie?"

"Yes, it was a foul lie; her father was a gambler, he was the only brother of General Dutay. He was murdered in an infamous house by a notorious woman, when Adele was less than two years old. The general, who was a proud man, could not bear the disgrace and, therefore, fled from France, taking his brother's orphan daughter with him."

"How is it that Adele did not know these facts?"

"Because General Dutay, for reasons of his own, saw fit to keep them a secret from her. I learned that such was the case, and when I heard of his murder, I conceived the plan of trumping up a story to get the property."

"Suppose Adele had lived, and we had contested the case, what would have been your plan of proof?"

"That does not matter now; but you have not answered my question; if I surrender this property to whom does it go?"

"There being no heir at law, it will revert to the State."

"I know that; and now I want to put a question to you point blank. Don't you think the State is rich enough?"

"What difference does that make? What are you driving at?"

"I want to make a proposition."

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to go in and divide this little property with you, and make you my friend; with your help I can defy a dozen Francesca Dufions."

"Why, you impudent rascal!" exclaimed the lawyer, furiously, "dare you propose crime to me?"

"Yes, I dare."

"And were I a younger man, I would knock you down."

As Mr. Hasbrouck said this, he made a movement toward the door, when Leon Dufion advanced across the room, and placing his hand upon the lawyer's shoulder, he said:

"Be warned in time, Mr. Hasbrouck."

"Be warned of what?"

"Your danger."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I insist upon your accepting my offer—at least listening to my proposition."

"And suppose I refuse to do either, what will you do?"

"Kill you."

"Not as easily as you suppose!" exclaimed Mr. Hasbrouck, as he stepped back, and with the quickness of a flash, presented a pistol point blank at Leon Dufion's heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"You are armed!" cried Leon Dufion, in surprise, as the lawyer covered him with his pistol.

"Yes, sir, I am armed. I knew better than to walk into the den of such a scoundrel, as I believed you to be, without arming myself."

At this instant the door opened and Otto, on tiptoe as usual and with a noiseless step, entered the room.

"What ho!" he cried, "what means this belligerent attitude between two gentlemen?"

"It means," said Leon, "that this old man has come into my house and, not satisfied with insulting me, suddenly drew a weapon and threatened my life."

"That is false!" said the lawyer, promptly; "it was you that first drew a weapon and tried to compel me to listen to your infamous proposals."

"Gentlemen, there must be some dreadful mistake," pleasantly remarked Otto, in a conciliating tone of voice.

"Yes, there has been a mistake committed. That villain," said the lawyer, pointing to Leon, "received a fair offer from me to save himself much trouble; but now I shall proceed at once in such a manner as to visit upon him the full punishment of his crimes."

"Mr. Dutay is not a villain, and I can not permit you to call such names under this roof."

"And who, pray, are you?" cried Mr. Hasbrouck, in answer to Otto's last remark, made in a low, insinuating tone of voice.

"It matters little who I am; it is sufficient that I forbid the use of any violent language in this house."

"Well, let me tell you that neither you nor that scoundrel, Dufion, have any right under this roof at all."

"Is this old gentleman a lunatic?" said Otto to Leon, as he slowly glided nearer to the lawyer.

"I think he is," answered Leon, "or a fool."

Mr. Hasbrouck was about to make a reply, when, with a sudden bound, Otto sprang upon him, seized him by the wrist, knocked the pistol from his hand, and then clapping his hand over the surprised old lawyer's mouth, he dexterously tripped him with his foot and threw him upon the floor.

"Choke him! smother him!" cried Leon, advancing to the prostrate man.

"Not if you please," replied Otto; "we do not kill maniacs for their harmless ravings."

"But that man is no maniac—it is Hasbrouck, the devilish old limb of the law who has tormented me so."

"You are mistaken, my dear master, this is a crazy man, and we must deal gently with

him." Then, addressing his victim, Otto added, "Will you promise not to shout or rave if I remove my hand from your mouth? You may indicate by closing your eyes."

Mr. Hasbrouck closed his eyes, when Otto continued:

"Mind that you understand me. A shout of anything of that kind will compel me to knock you on the head as a dangerous lunatic. Do you understand?"

Again the lawyer closed his eyes, when Otto at once removed his hand, when Mr. Hasbrouck said:

"Will you allow me to rise and leave this house?"

"Not just yet," said Otto, in a soothing tone of voice; "it would not be safe. If you will give us the direction of some one of your friends, I will send for him, and he can take you away. I would not be doing right to let you go into the street otherwise."

"Do you think me mad?"

"I do; none but a madman would be as violent as you have been."

"I see I am in the power of a pair of villains. What terms do you want to make?"

"None with a madman."

"This comedy has run long enough for one act. I again ask, what terms will secure my freedom?"

"Your eternal silence," said Leon Dufion. "You shall never leave this house alive."

"Very well; I arranged before I came for all this. A detective saw me enter this house; if he does not see me leave it, he will know exactly what to do with the instructions he received from me before I entered this place."

Otto and his master exchanged significant glances. The old man's coolness led them to believe that his assertion was true.

"Hang it!" said Leon; "the cunning old scoundrel has laid his plans well."

"Yes; I knew the kind of man I had to deal with."

"No, you didn't," said Otto; "and, further, I have at length discovered that you are not as crazy as you might appear. You are a dangerous man, and you shall not leave this house, in spite of your precautions; the presence of the detective outside will not avail you."

"Then the consequences will be upon your own heads."

"Very likely; still, you can not leave this house."

"Do you intend to kill me?"

"Not unless you make it necessary; here, master, you watch him a moment; when I return, I will draw his teeth."

Leaving his master to watch over the lawyer, Otto left the room, and was absent full fifteen minutes. When he returned he had handcuffs, a rope, and several other articles, which he immediately brought into use. Going about his business in a cool, deliberate manner, he first gagged Mr. Hasbrouck, then removed his outer clothing, handcuffed him, and then, leading him to the basement cellar, chained him to the wall, after first supplying other clothing for that which he had removed. During this whole operation, not a word had been exchanged; but finally the lawyer said, when Otto for a moment removed the gag:

"What does all this mean?"

"It means that you are a prisoner for the present."

"Are you aware of the crime you are committing?"

"I am, fully."

"What do you expect to gain by this?"

"My master's freedom from your persecutions."

"Have you forgotten the presence of the detective who is watching for me to leave this house?"

"No. I will fix him."

"You will be called to a fearful reckoning for all this some of these days."

"Never by you, sir."

"Why never by me?"

"Because I shall kill you before you shall ever again become troublesome; and now, if you please, I will stop your impudent mouth with this little instrument again, and until you learn to be more civil, it will be removed only when you are fed by my hands."

"How long is the imprisonment to continue?"

"As long as when at liberty you would harm my master."

And Otto replaced the gag, and left the old lawyer to his sad reflections in the damp vault, where he was unlawfully and wickedly chained.

Returning up stairs, Otto rejoined his master, who said:

"We are running a terrible risk in confining that old man down there; we will have the house filled with detectives before long."

"No, we won't, Master Leon. I generally know what I am about."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I propose, in the first place, to arrange for the sudden taking off of Miss Adele Dutay."

"Yes; but what advantage will there be in getting her out of the way as long as that lawyer lives?"

"I will attend to his case afterward."

"Then why didn't you settle him at once?"

"Because I thought it possible that the old man might be telling the truth. I do not believe there is any detective watching the house, but I will soon find out."

"How?"

"I will show you."

Half an hour later, a man very much resembling Mr. Hasbrouck in appearance passed out of the door of General Dutay's mansion, and slowly passed down the street. After an hour, a man who very much resembled Otto entered the same house, although, had one been watching the premises, they could not have sworn that they saw him leave there upon that day. In the hallway, Leon met his servant, and inquired:

"Well, what have you to report?"

"The old lawyer lied—the story of the detective was a cunning fable."

"And now what must be done?"

"We must dispose of Adele Dutay, and then the lawyer; the death of either one alone would not help us; they are both doomed."

This the fellow spoke without a change of countenance, and in as matter-of-fact a manner as though deciding upon what he was to order for his master's dinner.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ADELE DUTAY was almost heart-broken and completely discouraged. It appeared to her that he who she had once fondly dreamed was to be the joy of her life, was destined to prove her Nemesis.

"I can not live long," she murmured to herself, "this fearful sorrow must finally wear me out, and at last I shall find peace in death."

One day her maid Fanny said to her: "Have you noticed a strange woman who has been hovering about our house for the last two days?"

"I have not."

"Well, miss, I have, and I have an impression that this woman is, in some way, connected with the strange circumstances which surround you."

"Oh, Heavens! I hope not; I have suffered enough already. I will fly away from this city at once."

"I forgot to tell you that a gentleman called to see you yesterday, while you were out."

"Who was the gentleman?"

"He did not leave any name, nor state his business."

"What kind of a looking man was he?"

"A very sinister-looking man, with a dark, swarthy skin, and glittering, black, wicked-looking eyes."

"Some other accomplice, I suppose, of Edgar Hall. Well, let them come; to-morrow I will go out of the city. To-day I will go and see Mr. Hasbrouck, the lawyer; I believe that he is truly my friend."

That same afternoon Adele, disguised in such a manner that those who had known her most intimately would not recognize her, left the house, and proceeded to Mr. Hasbrouck's office.

The clerk, who appeared to be greatly excited, informed her that his employer had gone out on business the preceding day without stating his destination, and had not since returned.

"Is it usual for him to absent himself in this manner?" inquired Adele.

"No, miss, it is not; he is usually the most methodic man I ever knew."

"Are you worried about his absence?"

"I am, greatly."

"Can you not conjecture the nature of the business he had in hand?"

"Yes; since coming here this morning, I found a little memorandum which leads me to think that he went to see something about the estate of the late General Dutay. I know that recently he has learned some very startling developments in connection with the late Mr. Dutay's affairs."

Adele started, and at once became anxiously interested in the youth's statement, and she inquired eagerly:

"What is the nature of these recent developments?"

"It would not be proper for me to make public my employer's business."

"But I am an interested party, I called to see Mr. Hasbrouck upon this very matter."

"And may I inquire, miss, who you are?"

For a moment Adele hesitated, but after thinking the matter over rapidly, and concluding that there was no longer any real necessity for concealing herself from the lawyer, she answered:

"My name is Dutay. I am the niece of the late general."

The youth started as though he had suddenly been confronted with an apparition, as he exclaimed, excitedly:

"There is something very strange about this, Mr. Hasbrouck believes Miss Adele Dutay to be dead. I have heard him lament over this unfortunate fact, as he supposed, almost daily."

"Yes, I know that he thought I was dead; but you see it is all a mistake."

"I hope it is, miss, still it is a very singular one, and, as I never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Dutay personally, I would not dare to recognize you as that unfortunate young lady, until my employer had verified your statement."

"Have you taken any measures to ascertain anything concerning the cause of Mr. Hasbrouck's absence?"

"I have."

"Have you been to his residence to ascertain whether they know anything about him there?"

"I have, last night, and again this morning. Mr. Hasbrouck has no family. I do not know whether he is a widower or a bachelor, but I know that he lives alone; he has not been home since he left yesterday morning, unless he has returned since I was there."

"I will give you my address, and I wish that you would request Mr. Hasbrouck to communicate with me the moment he returns."

"I know that he will, and I know also that nothing will delight him more than the knowledge that you are alive, if it really proves that you are Miss Dutay."

"I am Adele Dutay."

"Then Mr. Hasbrouck will find it an easy matter to reinstate you in possession of your late uncle's property; the information which he has obtained concerning this Leon Dutay is very important and positive."

"Have you been to Mr. Dutay's residence to find out whether your employer has been there?"

"I shall go at once. I was about to start when you came in."

"You need not state under any circumstances, to any other person besides Mr. Hasbrouck, that I have been here."

"I will not, and if I do not find Mr. Hasbrouck within forty-eight hours I will call upon you anyhow."

"I will be obliged to you," said Adele, as she took her departure.

"There is something very mysterious in all this," was the clerk's remark, as he locked the door after her departure, and started to go to the house of Leon Dutay. Upon arriving at the latter place he rang the bell, which was answered by the ubiquitous Otto.

"Did Mr. Hasbrouck call here yesterday?" inquired the clerk.

"Mr. Hasbrouck?" said Otto, repeating the name several times, as though it was unfamiliar to him. "No; I do not know any gentleman by that name."

"Are you Mr. Leon Dutay?"

"No, sir; I am his secretary. Do you wish to see Mr. Dutay?"

"He will probably recollect Mr. Hasbrouck, as they recently had some business together and may be able to tell whether he was here or not."

"I can answer for Mr. Dutay. There was no gentleman here yesterday at all, and Mr. Dutay did not leave the house to meet anybody outside, as he has not been well for the last few days."

"Then it is not necessary for me to see him," and with the remark, "This is all very strange?" turned away.

When Adele left the lawyer's office she proceeded by Wall Street toward Broadway and was just crossing at the corner of Nassau Street when she felt a light tap upon her shoulder. Turning suddenly, she recognized the pale, distressed features of a handsome but shabbily dressed woman.

"Excuse me for stopping you," said the

stranger, "but you had such a sweet face I thought that you might spare a few moments to listen to a tale of misery and suffering."

Adele's first impulse was to make a hasty and angry reply; but seeing the tears welling in the strange woman's eyes, the natural sympathetic kindness of her heart was aroused, and she said:

"You are a stranger to me, madam."

"I know it; all the world are strangers to me now, but it was not so once."

"I have not much time, neither have I much means; but I will render what assistance I can with listening to your story," said Adele, taking her portemonnaie from her pocket.

"It is not money assistance that I require at present."

"Then what else can I do for you?"

"Oh, if you would only listen to my story!" said the woman, pleadingly.

While talking they had crossed the street, and were standing on the corner sidewalk. Adele was anxious to get away, and yet she did not wish to dismiss the stranger abruptly:

At length she said: "I am on my way home, if you will accompany me to my house, I will listen to your story, and if I can really be of any assistance to you, I will be happy to do so."

"Oh! how kind you are, you can be of assistance, any one can who will only listen to my story, and investigate its truth. I am the victim of a series of most remarkable and mysterious circumstances, and I am placed in such a situation that I have not a friend, and must apply to some kindly stranger; but little time and no money is required to restore me to friends, respect, and affluence."

Upon hearing this strange woman allude to her misfortune as being the victim of strange circumstances, Adele at once began to experience a strong interest in her, and she said:

"It is remarkable that, under the circumstances, you should have come to me. I am anxious to hear your story. Come, we will take the stage at Broadway, and when we get to my home you will find me a sympathizing listener."

Proceeding to Broadway they hailed and entered a Twenty-third Street stage, and half an hour later an earthly angel introduced a party into her home, in whose bosom throbbed a heart which had long been a stranger to every generous impulse.

CHAPTER XXV.

"My father is a wealthy man, but very proud and passionate," said the strange woman to Adele, in commencement of her story, after she and her fair entertainer had become comfortably seated in the latter's apartment.

"I am his only child. My mother died when I was very young, and I was left to the care of nurses, and, as a matter of course, failed to receive that tender mental nurture which only a mother can bestow. Consequently, as I inherited my father's violent temper, I grew a self-willed, obstinate girl, and subsequently a vain, imperious woman."

"I will not go into the full details of my spoiled and wayward girlhood, but come at once to that period of my life when my real misfortunes commenced."

"When I was eighteen years of age I became acquainted with a handsome, dashing young man, who came to live, during the summer season, in the neighborhood where my father's mansion was situated. We met under romantic circumstances, and an intimacy at once sprung up between us. I invited him to my father's house. At first he declined to come, upon some trivial excuse, and we continued to meet by appointment, sometimes at the houses of mutual friends, but oftener in the evening upon the roads and lanes leading out of the village."

"You can readily imagine the result. I was a young, giddy girl, unused to the society of men, and before I was aware of it myself, this stranger youth had won my love; and when he, upon one moonlight night, revealed his passion for me, I was filled with a new joy, and confessed my own earnest love."

"After our mutual confession I suggested the necessity of his seeing my father and making him acquainted with the state of affairs."

"Then he revealed to me a secret. He said that he was the son of a man who had once wronged my father, and that if we should reveal our love, my parent would not consent to our marriage, but would insist upon an immediate and final separation. 'On the other hand,' he pleaded, 'should we get married, and then

go to your father, objection would be useless; he will forgive us, and all will be right."

"I loved him; he was my soul's idol, and I believed every word that he said. Shortly afterward we were married. Immediately after the wedding we went upon a short bridal tour, and upon our return, went straight to my father's house, and, kneeling at his feet, asked his forgiveness. But the story was repeated; my father met us with contempt and scorn, denounced my husband as a notorious gambler and cheat, and drove us in rage and fury from his door.

"From that moment the actual sorrow and misery of my life began. My father had told the truth. My husband was a gambler, and won only a precarious livelihood at the faro table. He had heard that I was an heiress, and had played his cards to win my love and hand, under the impression that when once married my father would forget and forgive all, and that he would, through me, step into a life of ease and affluence.

"My father never forgave him; and from the day he drove me from his door, ten years ago, I have not seen him.

"For eight years I led a miserable life with my husband; sometimes we would have plenty, at others, we would be upon the brink of starvation.

"Two years ago, my husband died. I at once wrote to my father, and begged for the privilege of returning home with my two children. But he refused to see me. Again and again I wrote to him, and once tried to obtain an interview, but he would not see me, and forbade my writing to him. I have since learned that he, an old man between seventy and eighty years of age, has a young servant-girl in the house, who rules the roost, and that it was through her pernicious influence that I failed in becoming reconciled to him. Thus, for two years, I have struggled along. When my husband died he let me a small amount of money, but that is now exhausted nearly, and soon I shall be in a starving condition, unless my father, who is very wealthy, forgives me, and takes me home. This, miss, is my story, and now you can see in what a terrible plight I am, and what fearful alternatives hang upon a reconciliation with my father."

Adele listened with tears of sympathy welling in her eyes, to this singular story of her strange visitor, and when the latter had concluded, she said kindly:

"Well, my dear madam, in what manner can I help you? You have all along spoken so as to infer that I, especially, could, in some way, be of service to you, yet I can not see how."

"I will now tell you the strangest part of my whole tale:

"Almost nightly, for the last three months, I have had terrible dreams. I dreamed of my father night after night. I saw the dear man writhing helplessly in the slimy folds of a glistening-eyed serpent; and again and again I would awake, screaming with terror. But for the last two weeks a change has come over the spirit of my dream. My father would appear under the influence of the serpent, then, suddenly, amid an effulgence of dazzling light, a young angelic-looking maiden would enter with a wand in her hand, with which she would smite the serpent on the head, and at once the dreadful snake would unwind its coils from about my father, and glide away."

"I still can not see what relation all this has to me, although you have my unbounded sympathy," said Adele.

"You have yet to hear the strangest part of my wonderful story. As I told you, latterly, the form of a young girl has appeared in my vision, and this gave me hope. I argued from it that it was a heavenly warning; that in the end, all would be well; that the serpent whom, I suppose, represented the brazen young servant who had usurped my place, would be crushed, and that I would be eventually reinstated in my rights.

"The face of the maiden who appeared in my dream was indelibly fixed upon my memory. Then, miss, judge of my joy and surprise, when to-day I recognized the form, features, and exact counterpart of the saving angel of my dream, in you."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Adele, nervously, "can this be possible? Am I not already the victim of sufficient mysterious circumstances?"

Upon hearing this exclamation from Adele the strange woman eyed her curiously, and for an instant a strange light illuminated her hand-

some eyes; but their kindlier radiance was only for a moment's duration, and again the sharp, sinister light gleamed in them, as she said, in answer to Adele's exclamation:

"Strange as it may seem, what I tell you is the exact truth, and the moment I beheld you I understood the meaning of my remarkable vision. I recognized at once that you were the person who was to crush the serpent, and cause it to glide away, and it was this, and this alone, which gave me courage to speak to you, and request your attention to my story."

"Still I can not see how I can be of any assistance to you."

"Oh! miss, if I dared relate to you my own interpretation of my wonderful dream."

"You may," said Adele.

"Thank you, and I do not wish you to think that I am brazen or presumptuous, as I am governed only by what I conceived to be a supernatural warning. If you will go and see my father, and intercede for me, it is in that way you will carry out the fulfillment of my dream. Your voice will prove the magic wand which shall smite upon the head, and cause it to glide away. Yes, you will drive the woman who has usurped my place from the house, and the serpent of vengeance out of my father's head."

"And then you want me to go and see your father, and plead with him for you?"

"Yes, if I can only prevail upon you to do so."

"I do not think I could do any good. Why do you not go yourself? The very sight of your face would be a most potent influence to appease your father's wrath."

"You forget my dream."

"No, I do not, nor do I interpret it as literally as you do."

"Then how do you account for the resemblance between the face in the dream and your own?"

"You may imagine all that; the face in the dream must have been but a shadowy semblance at best, and when you saw me your imagination misled you."

"No, the features of the vision of my dream were too indelibly impressed upon my memory. You must remember that I saw that same face in my sleep night after night. My imagination has not deceived me. Yours is the face of my dream, of this I am sure."

Adele was very much perplexed. It was her intention to vacate her present quarters at once, and every moment of time was precious to her; and yet her sympathies were all aroused in favor of the woman who had come to her with this singular tale. It did not for a moment enter her head that there was a possibility that the whole thing might be a lie from beginning to end. No, in her unconscious innocence she accepted it all as true. Not that she put much faith in the accuracy of the poor woman's recollections of her vision, but she felt that the narrator believed in her own story, and was sincere. Adele's momentary silent thoughtfulness was interrupted by the woman, who rose and said, sadly, as the tears coursed down her cheeks:

"I see that you are not disposed to believe my strange tale, therefore you will not help me. I will go. You must forgive me for claiming so much of your time. I might have expected that no one would give credence to a tale so remarkable as mine. I thank you for listening to me; do not think that I am crazy, for I am not; but I will go now." And she made a movement toward the door, when Adele called her back, saying:

"Wait, I have not said that I doubted your story. Where does your father live?"

"A few miles up the Hudson, on the left bank, near Fort Lee."

"Suppose I should accompany you myself to your father's home?"

"Oh, miss, if I could only hope that you would do so much."

"I will, if you think it will do any good. When would be the best time for us to go?"

"Could you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, I could go to-day, this afternoon, if we would have time to go and return."

"We would not be able to go and come this afternoon, but we can go to-morrow."

"Well, I will go with you to-morrow; at what time shall we start?"

"We can take the one o'clock boat."

"Will you come for me here?"

"Yes, if you will permit me to do so."

"Certainly," replied Adele.

A few moments later the strange woman,

after having given Adele a name, which she asserted was her own, took her departure, and Adele went about her preparations for removal, little dreaming that through her heart she had been won, by a well concocted tale of misery, to promise to accompany one of the worst of female fiends on earth to a convenient spot for the perpetration of a foul murder.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN Otto, after tying Mr. Hasbrouck securely, left him alone, the latter felt gloomy and dispirited. He felt that his present quarters were likely to prove his tomb; he well knew that he had little to expect from the dark-faced, sinister ruffian who had made him a prisoner.

The lawyer was a courageous man, and would have met death under different circumstances bravely and with less regret. But now what added more to the bitterness of his present position, was the but recently acquired knowledge that Adele Dutay was alive, and, as he believed, in the power of the scoundrel who had robbed her of her uncle's fortune—why she had not been murdered at once, was the only mystery to the brave old man.

After the departure of the villain Otto, he stood in one position for some time lost in bitter thought. Gagged, handcuffed, and chained, he had but little hope of freeing himself and attempting to escape. He was so bound that the chain permitted him to lie down if he wished to; but, alas, on what should he lie—the cold, damp ground? There was nothing else, and his position was surely terrible enough.

Thus hour after hour passed, and finally, from sheer exhaustion, he was compelled to lie down even upon the slimy floor of the cellar, and soon after, in spite of the horror of his situation, he finally fell asleep.

How long he slept he never knew, but at a subsequent period related that he was aroused by a hand placed upon his face. He expected the next minute to feel the sharp cut of a knife plunged into his heart. He thought his time had come, that the hand he felt stealing over his face belonged to his intended assassin. But an instant later the gag was removed from his mouth, and finding himself unharmed, and slightly encouraged by the latter circumstance, he said:

"Who is here?"

"A friend!" was the low response, and the speaker's voice was that of a female.

"What brings you here? and if a friend, how did you gain access to this den of murderers?"

"I came to release you. How I came here I will tell you at some future time."

"How am I to know that you are a friend?"

"I hate Otto, your enemy!" hissed the unknown, in a low, savage voice.

"Who is Otto?" inquired the lawyer, not yet having heard his persecutor's name.

"The dark-faced villain who brought you here, and who seeks your life."

"If you are a friend, you can probably tell why he seeks my life?"

"We have no time to spare; at any moment the assassin may come to finish his work. I wish to set you free, afterward I will seek you out, and tell you why I release you, and *much more!*"

Mr. Hasbrouck's rescuer had come without a fight, but, as it proved, fully prepared to carry out her design, for in a few moments he stood beside her, freed from his shackles.

"Give me your hand," said the unknown.

"Peril is before us; should we be discovered both of our lives would pay the forfeit."

"Who are you? Tell me while we have an opportunity, so that I may know my deliverer."

"It matters not at present who I am. I will have a favor to ask of you at some future time, should I succeed in setting you free, and then you shall know who I am. Follow me," and together they crossed the cellar, and the woman, who was in advance, had placed her foot upon the lower step of the stairs leading from the vault, when both were startled by the sound of approaching steps along the hall above them.

"My God!" whispered the woman, "it's Otto! What shall we do?"

"Face the scoundrel! I am prepared for him now!"

"It won't do. We must hide. But, wait, it is possible that he will not come this way, after all," and the lawyer and the woman waited, with bated breath, the movements of Otto. Finally, the woman whispered:

"It will only take a moment for me to replace you in the same position in which I found you."

"But I do not wish to be put back into that miserable plight again."

"It will be better for both of us, if we can escape without risking an encounter."

"But he would murder me."

"No; I will watch his movements too closely to allow him to do that."

"Very well, we must act quickly; but if I had a weapon, I would not consent at all."

Quickly Mr. Hasbrouck hurried back to the place where he had been chained, and with the assistance of his mysterious friend, was soon again in exactly the same position as he had been placed by Otto at first. The moment he was bound and gagged again, the woman stole away into the dark recesses of the cellar, just as the door at the head of the stairs opened, and a ray of light shot down through the darkness from a lamp in the hands of Otto, who slowly descended the stairs.

The moment the lawyer caught sight of the expression upon Otto's face, he regretted that he had allowed himself to be rebound and chained. He saw at a glance that the villain had murder in his heart, and the assurance of the strange woman afforded him but little hope against the desperate assassin who now sought his life.

Instead of approaching his prisoner, the Italian began to search about the cellar carefully, thus betraying the fact that he suspected the presence of some one else besides the chained lawyer.

For full fifteen minutes he continued his search, and ever and anon the lawyer would hear him mutter to himself, and occasionally low, fierce oaths would fall from his lips. Finally, he came to where the lawyer was chained, and made a careful examination of the several fastenings which bound his victim. At length, he said:

"There has been some one here."

The lawyer did not move.

"You can signify by a movement of your head. Has any one been here in this cellar or not?"

Still the lawyer refused to signify anything.

"I will compel you to answer, old man; and, as he spoke, Otto drew a large, keen-edged knife from his breast, and holding it over the lawyer's head, he said:

"I will not waste much time with you; you can answer me, or I can assure myself against betrayal by plunging this knife into your heart! Come, will you signify or not whether any one has been here?"

Still not a movement did the lawyer make, when, suddenly, with a wild oath, Otto raised his knife, and his eyes flashed with a lurid gleam.

"Answer me," he hissed, "or die!"

But the lawyer neither moved nor flinched. Higher the knife was raised; in a moment it would have descended, when a bar of iron fell with crushing weight upon the murderer's arm, the knife fell from his grasp, and with a dog-like bark, he turned to see from whence the blow came, and with a howl of rage recognized old Lulu.

"Ha! you old she-devil!" he exclaimed, "I suspected this!"

"And well you might, you assassin!"

"I'll fix you now, once and forever," cried Otto, as he advanced toward the old woman. "Your present treachery and the safety of your nephew demand that your power to work evil be stopped now and forever."

"But not by you, Otto Louigi—not by you." And as he advanced toward her, she receded from him, with her keen old eyes fixed steadily upon him.

"Come, old woman, get down on your knees and say your prayers, for your time has come."

"I will never perish by your hand, Otto Louigi; your right arm is already paralyzed by a blow from me; in a moment, unless you desist, your heart will be also."

"You lie! my arm is not paralyzed, you old hag." And as he spoke he sprang to her; but the next moment he sprang back with an agonized shriek—his hands flew up—he swayed for a moment to and fro, and then fell heavily upon his side, with the blood gushing from his mouth, as Lulu flourished the stiletto with which she had dealt him the fatal blow, and said fiercely, while a semi-maniacal light gleamed in her eyes:

"Ha! ha! At last, Otto, you have met your doom, and at my hands."

The light flickered in the damp air of the cellar from the place where Otto had set it, and shed a ghastly light over the horrid scene.

Mr. Hasbrouck had never witnessed the shedding of blood before, and his heart sickened

within him at beholding this awful tragedy; still he felt that the wounding of the Italian was not a crime; the villain had first sought his life, and then the life of his rescuer, and thus had justly perished. So it was not with a feeling of either pity or sorrow that he watched the terrible writhings of his intended murderer, who, at intervals, would partly rise and mingle oaths and curses with prayers for mercy and forgiveness; and then, again, he would confess to commission of crimes in days gone by, and plead for mercy. But at last his voice became weaker, his struggles less violent, and finally he gave one gasp, and at last his guilty soul took its flight. During this whole scene, Lulu had stood like one transfixed, and watched his dying struggles with a bitter smile upon her face.

Mr. Hasbrouck, as soon as he saw that Otto was dead, began to shake his chain to call the old woman's attention to himself, but she did not seem to hear. She was completely absorbed in contemplating the distorted features of the dead man.

Finally, she muttered, as she clasped her hand to her forehead: "Alas! alas! it is not meet for me to live longer. My work is finished." And suddenly, in the presence of the astounded lawyer, she plunged the stiletto into her own bosom, and fell across the prostrate form of the dead Otto. And ten minutes later Mr. Hasbrouck fully realized the horror of his position—he was helplessly chained and gagged, a few feet from the dead bodies of Otto and the old woman, with a prospect of starving to death before his whereabouts could possibly be discovered.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I TELL you, Tom, this is the last job I am going to have any hand in: if you don't leave this country after you have finished this matter, I will desert you."

"Then I am afraid, my dear, you will have a chance to carry your threat into execution," replied Tom Redway to his wife, as they sat alone in the same miserable apartment where we introduced Otto to them.

"Did you not give me your promise, Tom, that this should be the last job in which you would engage in this city?"

"Yes, Lottie; but I have learned something very important since I made that promise."

"What have you learned?"

"You recollect how surprised Otto Louigi was when I told him that Francesca was in this city—and have you forgotten, also, that Leon Dufion is our present employer?"

"No, I have not forgotten that Leon Dufion is our employer, and I am sorry that you agreed to do this work. I tell you there is danger in it, greater danger to us than anything we have undertaken yet, and even now it is not too late to back out."

"You forget that I have received a portion of the money."

"You can return it, if you choose."

"Yes, but that ain't my style. No, no, Lottie; you are getting to be a coward. You can have the five thousand we get from Dufion, and return to Europe, but I am going to stay here and divide with Dufion—he is a millionaire."

"Who is a millionaire?"

"Leon Dufion; he has secured the whole of the great fortune of General Dutay, the gentleman I had a slight difference with some months ago, but who came out second best."

"If Leon Dufion has got this money, it will not do you any good; but on the other hand, as soon as he has used you to carry out his purpose, he will give you away, and spend money and influence to have you hung. Leon Dufion is a traitor; he would sacrifice his own mother to save himself."

"Yes, my sweet; but he is in my power, and not I in his."

"You will find out differently; but how about this matter to-morrow? We will take the twelve o'clock boat for Fort Lee. I will then lead her up the cliffs to a convenient place, but you must finish the work. I will not have this girl's blood on my hands."

"You are getting very squeamish."

"Yes; my nights are hours of torment, and in the day-time, too, I am pursued by strange, shadowy forms."

"You are losing your mind, old gal; this won't do."

"Yes, and I am losing my soul, too."

"Your soul—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Tom; "how long is it since you discovered you had a soul? You used to tell me there was no such thing."

"I have learned differently. If there is no life beyond the grave, why am I haunted, waking and sleeping, by these strange, weird, shadowy beings?"

"That's all in your imagination. Come, come, you want some brandy to cheer you up. Why, Lottie, dear, we are at last about to obtain the gold for which we have been struggling all of our lives, and do you suppose I am going to back down now? No, never, Lottie."

At this instant they were both startled by hearing a crash in the adjoining apartment. It sounded as though a heavy body had fallen and carried a lot of furniture with it. Tom and his wife gazed at each other inquiringly, both countenances plainly expressing the words, "What does that mean?" The crash was succeeded by a deathly stillness. Finally Tom said:

"Have you ever seen our neighbor?"

"Yes, I have; he is a harmless old man—a German, I think."

"The room was not occupied when we came and took possession of this one."

"I know that. The old man came a few days after us. He is one of these old beggar frauds, so I was told by the grocery man's wife, and it is hinted that the old beat has got plenty of money in the savings bank."

"I don't like this, altogether; he may be a fraud of another kind."

"What kind?"

"A detective. Those chaps assume all manner of guises. I will make it my business to see this old chap in the morning. I don't like the little incident at all."

"We can vacate our quarters to-night; then we would be on the safe side."

"Bah! you are getting too fearful, old gal, altogether. I don't say that it is a detective, I only say that it *might* be; but the probabilities are that the grocery man's wife told you the truth. There are plenty of such old coves as she says this fellow is, in New York, and he may be one of them. I will know in the morning, for sure, as I do not intend to take any more chances than I can help."

This latter conversation was carried on in a low whisper—so low that, had any one been listening in the adjoining room, they could not have heard a word; and for the balance of the evening what conversation occurred between them was carried on in the same low, safe tone of voice; and before they retired to their beds, every arrangement had been completed for the dreadful work they had in hand for the following day.

The sound which had startled the two guilty wretches when their conversation was suddenly interrupted, as described above, boded them more mischief than they dreamed of. Tom Redway's suspicion that the old man in the adjoining room might be a detective, was correct, as the supposed old beggar was none other than Charley Burton, who had tracked the murderer and the murderess to their lair, and was getting evidence which would be unfailing and sufficient.

It may appear strange to the reader that he did not arrest them at once, but there were reasons, and satisfactory ones, why he bided his time. He had them securely spotted, and he felt that they could not successfully perpetrate any more villainy, as he had been so closely upon their tracks, that he knew every move they were about to make; and because of a conversation he had overheard, he had got an inkling of a certain matter which, if arrested, they could, and would, for their own sakes, refuse to disclose.

At the time they had been startled, he was mounted upon a table, with his ear to a small aperture, and in moving about he had upset the table, and had fallen with a heavy crash upon the floor. Springing to his feet, he drew his revolver, and waited, as he anticipated that Tom Redway would suspect something was wrong, and would most likely enter the room to investigate, and he meant to be prepared for such a movement, knowing full well the desperate character of the man he was watching, and also, that if he should enter the room, all deception as to his identity would be impossible.

Fortunately, Tom did not seek to investigate the matter that night; and an hour later, when Charley Burton stole forth and left the house, he had his plans all matured for circumventing the villainy of the murderer upon the following day. The precise nature of Tom's villainy Charley had not learned, but he had overheard enough to know that some devilish scheme was upon the eve of perpetration, and he intended to be on hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT the hour appointed, the woman, who had won Adele Dutay's promise, by her well-coined story, arrived at the house to claim a fulfillment of it.

Not for a moment had a thought crossed Adele's mind tending toward a doubt of the woman's truthfulness and sincerity—on the contrary, the more she had considered the matter, the more she felt that she had done right in promising her aid and assistance.

"I shall never be able to repay you adequately, Miss Jones, for your kindness."

"Who told you that my name was Jones? I recollect, now, that you addressed me as such shortly after our first meeting, and before you could possibly have had an opportunity to have heard it."

Lottie Redway blushed, for this strange woman was the murderer Tom Redway's wife. She, for once in her life, was bothered what reply to make. The little steamer, on the upper deck of which they were sitting, had just steamed from the dock, when Lottie made the remark which called for this abrupt and pertinent inquiry from Adele. But she was a quick-witted woman, and despite her momentary embarrassment, she answered, boldly:

"It was a chance appellation used by me to learn your name without being compelled to ask an impertinent question."

"It is singular that you should have chosen that particular name."

"Why?"

"Because it is only an assumed one."

"Then, may I now ask what your real name is?"

"I will tell you, but not at present;" at this moment Adele gave utterance to a sudden exclamation of alarm, and partly rose to her feet, while a look of terror and amazement rested upon her face.

"Why, my dear miss," cried Lottie, observing her excitement, "what has so suddenly alarmed you—have you seen a ghost?"

Adele made no reply, but continued to gaze toward the stairway leading to the lower deck, as though she had seen there some person or thing which had so decidedly startled her.

Again Lottie spoke: "Pray tell me, Miss Jones, for by that name I must still address you until you furnish me another, what was it that startled you so?"

"Did you see an old man who just passed down the stairs leading to the lower deck?"

"Yes, I saw an old gentleman pass down there a moment ago. What is there strange or startling about that?"

"Did you notice that he was watching us very sharply as he descended the stairs?"

"I did not, and I should not think anything strange of it if I had. A handsome face like yours is very likely to prove attractive to the young as well as to the old."

"You forget that my veil was down, and that he could not see my face."

"Probably that was why he observed you so closely; it may be that he was waiting for you to raise your veil, and at that moment you caught his gaze and hastened away."

"Mrs. Webb," said Adele, addressing Lottie by the name which she had given, "you know the man I allude to—that old gentleman in the drab clothes?"

"Yes, I noticed him, and a very benevolent-looking man he was, too."

"I think I have seen that man before."

"Are you acquainted with him?"

"He is a villain, a thief, and a murderer!"

"What! that fine-looking old gentleman?"

"Why, miss, you must be laboring under some horrible mistake; that old gentleman is certainly the most honorable-looking old fellow I ever saw."

"But he is in disguise."

"Nonsense, you are deceived, certainly."

"Will you go and speak to him upon some trivial pretense, and examine closely, and learn if he is really a young man in disguise?"

"I certainly will, and you may rest assured that if he is some old impostor, or young one in the guise of an old man, I will quickly find it out, and will denounce him at once."

"No, I do not wish you to do that, but come and let me know."

"If I go to investigate the old man, you must promise me to remain in this seat, and not leave it at all."

"Why?"

"Because I think you are laboring under a mistake, and by addressing this old fellow, you may commit a greater one."

"I will remain here; but I charge you to be very careful in your examination."

"You may depend upon me." Lottie arose without more words, and went down the stairs and commenced looking about for the old man in the drab clothes; but the old fellow had vanished somewhere out of sight, as she could see nothing of him, although with brazen boldness she had gone to those parts of the boat where gentlemen alone are supposed to lounge about.

"It's strange," she muttered to herself, "where on earth could he have gone to? It was Tom, certainly; but how on earth should that girl recognize him, that is the greatest mystery, for recognize him she certainly did, the moment her eyes fell upon him. And so did I, although he is well got up, too, yet, in spite of his spectacles I knew him by his eyes. But where on earth could he have gone to? he must have jumped overboard, or else made himself invisible."

Thus talking and wondering to herself, Lottie returned to Adele, and said, laughingly: "I guess your old man was a ghost, as I can not find him from one end of the boat to the other."

"This convinces me that my suspicions are correct," said Adele, "and no matter how much I would like to aid you, Mrs. Webb, I would not dare to leave this boat."

"Why?"

"Because that man has reason to do me bodily harm; and the mere fact of his being upon this boat in disguise is sufficient evidence that he came alone to find an opportunity for executing his plans."

Upon hearing these words, Lottie's face became perfectly livid.

"Great Heaven!" she exclaimed, "what do you mean? who do you think it is?"

"You would not know him if I should tell you who I think it is; but you need not be so frightened, Mrs. Webb, he certainly means no harm to you, and as I know of his presence I shall avoid giving him an opportunity for harming me. I shall not leave the boat, but shall return with it to New York."

Lottie's agitation increased instead of lessening, and Adele, little dreaming of the real cause of her agitation, continued her assurances that she was perfectly safe, and that if any danger threatened, it was herself over whom it impended.

But Lottie found it difficult to even attempt to control her fright. Like all wicked people, in spite of herself, she was becoming fearfully superstitious, and she felt that there was something terrible in this mysterious recognition. But suddenly an entirely different thought struck her; the mystery all at once seemed to be solved, and she said, hotly, and completely off her guard, in the excitement of this fresh suspicion:

"I insist upon knowing who you think that old man is. If he is not what his appearance would indicate at a glance, who is he?"

"Why, of what especial interest can it be to you, Mrs. Webb? You speak as though I was hiding something from you that I ought to disclose."

Lottie saw her mistake, and although her new suspicion became stronger, still her natural talent for deception came to her aid, and she said:

"My interest is upon your account alone; you certainly have proved yourself willing to be a friend to me, and if danger threatens you, it threatens me also; and further, mine was not an idle curiosity. My husband, as I told you upon a former occasion, was a gambler, and he associated with many vile characters, and I was forbidden to become acquainted, not only with the names, but with the appearance of many of them also, and I thought I might recognize this man, if your suspicions are correct, and this is why I express so much anxiety to know who you think this man is in the drab disguise. I might know him."

For some moments Adele seemed lost in thought; she felt that there was something very strange in the anxiety and actions of her companion, and, for the first time, the merest suspicion crossed her mind that all might not possibly be right. There was a possibility that there might be some connection between this woman and the presence of that man in disguise upon the boat; and then, again, the explanation of Mrs. Webb was reasonable. At length she said, in answer to her companion's inquiry:

"Did you ever hear of a man named Edgar Hall?"

"No; I never did."

Lottie's manner was perfectly truthful and earnest when she made this reply; and Adele

was at once reassured and impressed with its truthfulness. Still she inquired further: "Did you ever meet with a man answering the following description?" and Adele accurately described the appearance of Edgar Hall.

During the description, Lottie interrupted Adele with several questions, and finally said, after the description was fully completed:

"Yes; I have met a man that fully answers to this description; he was a very intimate friend of my husband—in fact, resembled my husband so nearly, as to frequently be mistaken for his twin brother."

"And under what name and circumstances did you know this man?"

"First tell me under what circumstances you knew him?"

"Why do you wish me to answer your question before you reply to mine?"

"I will give a reason which you will find satisfactory, after you have replied to my question."

"Well, the gentleman who answers to the description I have just given you was once my affianced husband."

"And the gentleman who exactly answers to the description you have given me," said Lottie, with flaming eyes, "*was once my husband.*"

CHAPTER XXIX.

UPON hearing this strange announcement from her companion, cold chills crept over Adele's frame, her heart nearly ceased its pulsations, so startling, so strange, so fearfully suggestive were the woman's words. For a moment there was a painful pause. At length Adele said:

"I suspect that the man disguised in the drab clothes is he whom I once knew as Edgar Hall, and the man who, if you speak truly, must be your husband."

"I told you my husband was dead; how could the man in the strange disguise be the same, unless the grave has given up its dead? Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No, I do not; but I believe that Edgar Hall is upon this boat at this moment, and in the flesh. Would to Heaven that I had not come upon this errand!"

"I will fathom this mystery at once," said Lottie. "That man in the drab clothes must be concealed somewhere upon this boat; what you have just said proves a motive for concealment. There is undoubtedly some terrible mistake somewhere, and I will discover it. You remain here, and I will find this man."

Lottie left Adele, and a second time proceeded to the lower deck. A strange tumult was now raging in the wicked woman's breast; she believed that she had unawares dropped upon the discovery of a clear case of unfaithfulness on the part of her husband, and she now began to feel that this Martha Jones was not what she represented herself to be, and that her husband had a double motive in getting her out of the way. With this belief uppermost in her mind, her whole plan of action changed. Jealousy is a strange passion, and is the parent of revenge, and Lottie resolved to save Adele, so as to thwart her husband, and thus far be revenged upon him for what she considered his perfidy to her, and she commenced a more thorough search than she had previously instituted to find the old man in the drab clothes.

But her search proved fruitless, and she was becoming fairly frantic with mingled feelings of jealousy, rage, and disappointment, when, in passing along the rail outside of the ladies' saloon, she felt a light tap upon her shoulder, and, turning suddenly, recognized a woman; a second glance assured her that this woman was none other than Tom Redway, her husband.

"What are you wandering all over the boat in search of, Lottie?" said Tom, in a low voice.

"I have been looking for you. How did you manage to shift your disguise so soon?"

"I have not shifted my disguise; I came aboard in this rig, and have been in the ladies' saloon ever since the boat left New York. I saw you when you came down, about thirty minutes ago, and chuckled to myself when you failed to recognize me. I thought you were sharper."

Lottie now recollected that she had noticed Tom seated in the ladies' saloon when she was down before, and was now convinced that it was him, although she had failed to recognize him, and she said:

"Tell me the truth, Tom, didn't you appear on deck as an old man in a drab suit of clothes?"

"I will take my solemn oath I did not, Lottie. What in thunder is the matter with you? your face is perfectly livid."

"Haven't you seen an old man aboard, in a drab suit of clothes?"

"I have not, as sure as I am a living sinner, Lottie, and I don't know, for the life of me, what you are driving at. Explain what you mean."

"I don't hardly know how to explain myself, Tom, but there is one thing certain, either the devil in person or your double is on board of this boat."

"What is the matter with you—have you gone crazy?"

"No, I have not gone crazy. I saw a man in a drab suit of clothes, who is in disguise, and his eyes and glance were yours; he looked straight at me, and he knew me, and he was recognized by the young lady we have up on the other deck also."

For the first time in her life, Lottie saw a look of genuine terror overspread her husband's face, his lips quivered nervously, and his whole frame quaked as with an ague fit, as he said to Lottie:

"Tell me that you are lying!"

"I am telling the truth, Tom"

"And who is the woman you have just left on the upper deck?"

"Martha Jones, the woman I was directed to inveigle on board of this boat."

"Have you any reason to suspect that you have made a mistake, and have betrayed the wrong girl?"

"No, I have made no mistake; and Tom," added Lottie, "you, for once in your life, are frightened about something, or else you are trying to deceive me; but I tell you that I know your secret and you can't do it."

"So help me Heaven, Lottie, you do know every secret I ever had; but there is a mystery about this matter which neither you nor I can explain. I am almost tempted to give up this job."

Lottie was a quick thinker, and all of her former jealousy returned in full force; she thought that Tom was trying to deceive her, that he really was the man who had appeared in the drab clothes, and had donned his present attire quick enough to appear, as he did, in the ladies' saloon; otherwise where had the man in the Quaker disguise so mysteriously disappeared to? No, she felt that she was not to be deceived, she was satisfied that the cause of Tom's sudden terror arose from the fact of the sudden discovery of the true identity of Martha Jones, and at once her jealousy took another form, and all of her hate and rage was turned against the innocent creature who had put herself in her power, through a feeling of compassion and mercy, and she determined that despite the sudden change in Tom, Martha Jones should die.

"Tom," she said, finally, "you can't fool me, nor are we going to back out of this job after carrying it through so far; but don't you put on that other disguise again or the jig is up."

"I have not tried to fool you, Lottie. I tell you that we are in the greatest danger that we ever were in in our lives. That man in the drab clothes, wherever he is,"—and Tom cast his eyes about fearfully, as he spoke, as though he feared that he might find him at his elbow—"that man," he continued, "is the only man on earth I fear; if he is on board of this boat he has discovered my identity, and is upon my track!"

"Who is this mysterious man, pray?" said Lottie, suspiciously.

Tom was about to reply when there came a sudden loud report. For an instant the hull of the steam-boat trembled from stem to stern, and the next instant the roar of escaping steam was heard, mingled with the terrified shouts and cries of terror of men, women, and children.

"Great Heaven!" cried Tom, "the steamer has exploded her boiler!"

Upon hearing this fatal announcement amid the awful din and confusion which prevailed, Lottie gave utterance to one piercing scream of agony and terror, and fell insensible at the feet of her husband.

CHAPTER XXX.

TOM REDWAY was mistaken in his conclusion that the steamer's boiler had burst. Fortunately for the passengers, it was not as bad as that, and there was really more fright and terror than actual injury. One of the steam flues had burst, and though the boat was disabled from continuing her trip, no more serious danger was

to be apprehended; and through the earnest exertions and assurances of the captain and his assistants, quiet was soon restored.

After the second departure of Lottie, Adele began to think seriously of the strange situation in which she had placed herself in accompanying this strange woman upon such a singular and romantic errand, upon no further assurance of the authenticity of her tale than the woman's own unsupported statement. And, now, when her suspicions were once aroused, they rapidly increased in intensity, and she began to revolve in her mind many singular and highly improbable incidents. Then, again, there was something frank and open in the singular avowal; that the description which she had given of Edgar Hall, answered, also, the description personally of her deceased husband, whom she admitted was a bad and vicious man.

"Can it be possible," at length thought Adele, "that I have wronged Edgar Hall all the time, and that there really has existed a man who bore such a fatal resemblance to him as to make him appear guilty when he was really innocent?"

And now, for the first time, the really fair-minded girl began to recall many incidents, and contradictions, and seeming impossibilities of Edgar's guilt; and as argument after argument found birth in her mind, she began to wonder at her own unfairness in not affording Edgar an opportunity to tell his story. At length, unconsciously, she gave utterance to the exclamation:

"I will leave this boat; I will accompany this woman, and if her story shall prove true, it will go far to establish Edgar's innocence." And for the first time in many months, as the cool zephyr came down from the hills that lined the river and fanned her heated brow, she felt a feeling of happiness steal over her mind, and a fresh hope bud in her heart.

At this instant, came the explosion which had frightened Tom Redway and his guilty wife. Adele was frightened, but did not scream, and during the whole scene of terror and confusion, she sat quietly in her seat until order and quiet was again restored. Once, in the very height of the excitement, she thought that she saw the old man in the drab clothes, and recognized that his gaze was fastened upon her, but the moment she turned and looked toward him, he disappeared, and Adele murmured to herself:

"It is better so; if it is Edgar, and he is innocent, he has come to watch over me. I seem to be, at present, in the current of a strange fate, and I will not attempt to extricate myself, but will drift with events, and wait the development; for in my heart has dawned a fresh hope, and I may be drawing toward a point in my destiny, when this terrible mystery which has enveloped me shall be cleared away."

In the meantime, Tom Redway was among the first to discover the true nature of the accident which had occurred to the steamer, and when he succeeded in restoring his wife to consciousness, he assured her that there was no danger; that it was only a trifling accident, and that the steamer would soon again proceed on her trip to the first landing, which was only a few miles distant.

Like most wicked people, Lottie was a great coward, but with the assurance of safety, all her former courage returned, and with it, her vindictiveness and hatred toward the innocent girl whom she now firmly believed was her rival in the love of her wicked and heartless husband; and she was the more resolved to murder the unoffending cause of her jealousy in cold blood; and her first remark, the moment she was fully assured of her own personal safety, betrayed the deadliness of her purpose.

"We will carry out the business on which we came, Tom," she said; "and there must be no flinching, or I shall set you down as a coward."

"Oh, I am ready," said Tom, although in his own mind he was not so well assured of the firmness of his purpose. He had his suspicions as to the identity of the old man in the drab suit, and while the steamer was being towed to the dock by the tug which had come out from the shore, and was being lashed fast, he was resolved to have a look about for the man in drab himself, and when Lottie returned to the deck, he commenced his search; but after a thorough examination, he became convinced that the man in drab was either a vision of his wife's imagination, or a trumped-up personage for the purpose of some sinister motive which she had in her own mind.

When Lottie rejoined Adele, she was sur-

prised to find her sitting quietly in the same place where she had left her when going below, and she was still more astonished when she said as calmly and deliberately as though nothing unusual had happened:

"Well, did you catch a sight of the old man in a drab suit?"

"No, I did not," replied Lottie; "in fact, I have not given him a thought since the occurrence of this dreadful scare."

Adele was on the point of saying that she had been more fortunate, but a second thought caused her to omit it, and she said:

"Well, I guess we were both very foolish to trouble our heads about him. I am satisfied that I must have been mistaken."

"I have thought so from the first," said Lottie; and yet she was puzzled by this sudden admission from Adele, after having previously been so positive; and as a singular coincidence had favored a wrong impression on Adele's part, a short time previously, so now these words confirmed Lottie in the impression that Martha Jones was not what she pretended. In fact, Lottie recollected that she had admitted as much, and she felt doubly assured that Adele's sudden change was caused by the discovery of something which, for reasons of her own, she thought best to conceal.

They were now approaching the wharf, and the passengers began to gather up their several bundles and packages, in readiness to go ashore, as the boat would go no further, and those who wished to reach landings higher up the river would be compelled to take a later boat.

"This accident will prevent your returning by this boat. You will be compelled to go ashore."

"I had previously changed my mind about returning," replied Adele. "I will accompany you to your father's house, and use my best endeavors to carry out the original purpose of our errand."

"I had begun to think that you distrusted my story, and had made up my mind not to intrude my affairs upon your attention any further."

"Then you did me a great wrong!" said Adele, rather hotly.

"It strikes me that we have been at cross purposes ever since we started; you have kindly volunteered to do me a favor; we will soon be at my father's house, if you still adhere to your resolution to aid me, and then all this distrust and suspicion will at once vanish." Lottie said this in a frank, open manner, and for the instant Adele really felt her suspicion and distrust had been the result of nervousness alone, and was, after all, groundless.

The boat had now been made fast to the dock, the gang plank had been run out, and the passengers commenced going ashore; and as soon as the eager rush was over of the most impatient ones, Adele and her companion also left the boat.

Owing to the accident and the delay occasioned thereby, the trip, which, under ordinary circumstances, usually occupied only an hour and a half, was extended to fully three and a half, and it was after four o'clock when the two women found themselves upon the wharf; and as it was late in the fall of the year, already the looming shadows of twilight began to creep over the hills, and warned the two, Adele and her companion, that they did not have a long interval of daylight for the completion of their journey.

Thus far everything, even the accident upon the steamer, seemed to favor the sinister intentions of the wicked woman, who had, step by step, inveigled poor Adele forward toward a horrible and fearful doom.

Owing to the number of people who intended to go higher up the river, but who were compelled to disembark at the first landing, not a carriage or vehicle of any kind could be procured—a difficulty which Lottie Redway had anticipated was thus obviated by a most unlooked-for circumstance. There was no alternative for them but to walk, although Lottie displayed a great deal of energy and pretense to obtain a wagon of some kind, but not one was to be had at any price, nor could she have got one, even though she had been in earnest in her endeavors.

"We came upon an unfortunate errand," said Lottie, "this is a contingency that I could not provide against."

"How far is it to your father's house?"

"About three miles and a half; we can walk it in two hours."

"It will then be after night-fall; suppose we stop at the village hotel here at the landing, until morning?"

"If you think it is best, we will do so, but still we could take a short cut to my father's place along the cliff, and get there in half an hour, long before sunset."

"I will do just as you advise," said Adele, confidently; and Lottie smiled a self-satisfied smile. Not even this trusting confidence of the poor young lady who had come out here only to do her a kindness, had any effect upon her cold, callous, wicked heart!

"I think that the mere fact of our arriving at my father's house at an hour when it would be impossible for us to return, would favor our chances of gaining an admission."

There certainly was judgment in this latter remark. And Adele, who began to feel more and more that she had wronged her companion, urged that they should at once proceed.

And in the red light of a western sun they slowly toiled up the dusty road, until they reached the top of the hill, when Lottie turned into a well-beaten path which led toward the cliffs; but not until she had cast a glance down the hill, and again turned away, with a significant look of satisfaction upon her face.

The path into which Lottie had turned they pursued until they came beneath the shadows of the woods which lined the rocky cliffs which overhung the river.

"What a grand prospect this is!" exclaimed Adele, at once impressed with the exceeding beauty of the surrounding scenery.

"Yes," replied Lottie, "it is beautiful; often," added the deceitful woman, "I roamed these cliffs in my happy, unconscious childhood."

They plunged deeper and deeper beneath the dark foliage. Upon the pretense that it was a shorter cut, Lottie had left the beaten path, and now they found themselves wandering upon the very verge of the cliff.

"What an unfrequented path this seems to be," said Adele.

"Yes," replied Lottie, with a dark, sinister smile, as they heard steps behind them. "There is some one else coming this way, and as sure as I am alive *it is a woman!*"

CHAPTER XXXI.

TALKING, and occasional stoppages to admire the beauties of the scenery, had consumed a great deal of time, and had diverted Adele's mind entirely from a consideration of the distance they were traversing: and not until her companion gave utterance to the exclamation announcing the approach of some one, was she recalled to the fact that they must necessarily have traveled a considerable distance, and she discovered, also, at the same moment, that the light of the sinking sun was being faintly followed by the clear rays of a full rising moon.

"Why, we must have lost our way," exclaimed Adele.

"No, we have not," replied Lottie.

"Then we must be near our destination, for see, night is fast falling around us."

"Yes, and we have not much further to go, at least you have not—you are near your journey's end, you false hussy!" And as Lottie spoke, despite the darkness, Adele could see that her companion's whole face had undergone a remarkable and alarming change; her eyes blazed with a fierce lurid light, and her features were convulsed and distorted with rage.

"What does this mean?" inquired Adele, calmly. "Have I been betrayed, after all? And are you but an accomplice of my arch enemy?"

"It means," said Lottie, "that you are a fraud—a mean, soft-spoken, treacherous wretch, who has robbed me of my husband's love, and your miserable life must pay the penalty of your wickedness and treachery."

"And you have inveigled me here only to murder me?"

"Yes, I have; you may scream, but it will do you no good. I have purposely led you far out of hearing, and now I am going to complete my vengeance."

"Is this a farce you are enacting to frighten me, or are you in earnest?"

"I am in earnest; I am the wife of Tom Redway, your lover."

"I never saw or heard of Tom Redway in my life."

"And yet, you lying hussy, you described his personal appearance this day on the boat to me, exactly, and now you pretend that you never saw or heard of him."

"On my honor, as a Christian woman, I never did to my knowledge—you are laboring under a

terrible mistake, or we are both the victims of villainy."

"Bah! such as you, of course, would be well prepared with well-concocted excuses; but they will not avail you at this moment."

And as Lottie spoke she advanced and seized Adele by both arms, and began to jerk her furiously toward the verge of the cliff.

"Spare me!" pleaded Adele. "When you learn my innocence, the memory of this crime you are about to perpetrate will make your whole after-life one of misery and torment."

"So be it," cried Lottie, as she pressed her victim, who struggled as well as she could, back toward the cliff. A moment, and Adele, completely exhausted, was forced to the extreme edge, when, releasing her hand for an instant, her would-be murderess drew a knife from her bosom, and raised it aloft to plunge it into the bosom of the poor, helpless girl, when there was a sudden rush, and a woman sprung forward with the exclamation:

"For Heaven's sake, Lottie, hold on! It is Adele Dutay!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Lottie, demoniacally, as she brought the knife down with a quick lunge; "you know her, do you? I thought so!"

The owner of the voice was too quick for the murderess; the direction of the knife was changed by an interrupting hand, and it missed its mark; at the same time with a powerful grasp the seeming woman drew them both back from the edge of the cliff.

"Tom Redway!" screamed Lottie, "you are unmasked! You can not save this creature!"

"Lottie, you are a fool!" said Tom, coolly. Then turning toward the amazed and trembling Adele, he said: "Miss Dutay, if I had known that yours was the life demanded by Leon Dufion, I would never have permitted you to have been annoyed, even, let alone placed in such jeopardy; but you may rest assured that you are now perfectly safe."

"And who are you?" said Adele, in a low voice.

"I am the man," replied Tom, "who stole your diamonds, and killed your uncle to make sure of my escape."

"Oh, mercy!" cried Adele; "please let me see your face."

Tom advanced, at the same time removing the woman's wig which assisted the disguise, when Lottie, who still held the knife, leaped forward and a second time attempted to plunge it into Adele's bosom, when Tom seized her quickly, and gave her a violent shove away. In the excitement and darkness, owing to a momentary obscuration of the moon, he did not notice the direction in which he had pushed her until he heard a sudden, shrill scream, and turned just in time to behold her reel a moment, and in the next instant she disappeared from sight. *He had thrown his own wife over the cliff!*

"Great Heaven! what have I done?" exclaimed Tom, as he rushed toward the edge of the cliff and peered down wildly through the darkness.

"Lottie! Lottie!" he called wildly, but there came no answer back, and he was just turning from the cliff when a man sprung forward, with the exclamation:

"Oh! I'm too late! he has thrown her over the cliff!" The next instant the new comer seized Tom with a violent grasp, and said fiercely, as he hurled him to the ground: "Scoundrel! villain! murderer! *Oh! brother!* I have caught you at last!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE scene described in the latter part of the previous chapter occurred in far less time than words could relate. Adele had stood an amazed and bewildered witness of the whole proceeding, but was too paralyzed with surprise and astonishment to really comprehend the horror of the fatal fall of Lottie over the cliffs, and the subsequent appearance upon the scene of a fourth party. Not until she heard an ominous and suggestive click, like the cocking of a pistol, did she fully realize that the terrible tragedy was not yet fully enacted. Advancing toward the new-comer, who held Tom Redway securely pinioned to the ground, she touched him lightly upon the shoulder and said:

"Whoever you are, spare that man's life, I pray you!"

"What! oh, thank God!" exclaimed Edgar Hall, for it was he. "Are you injured, Adele?"

"Great Heaven!" cried Adele, starting back in surprise, "who are you?"

"I am Edgar Hall. I came to rescue you from the hands of this murderer, and but a moment ago I thought that I had arrived too late. Thank God that you are safe."

"Yes, I am safe, and I owe my safety to that man whose life I fear you are about to take."

"No, no, Adele, I would not have his blood upon my hands."

"Do you know who he is?"

"Ay, I know too well who he is. He is the real murderer of your uncle, General Dutay."

"He proclaimed himself that; but who is he?"

"You shall see, Adele Dutay, and in gazing upon this man's face, you will learn how terribly you have wronged me!"

As Edgar Hall spoke, he arose from off the prostrate man, and bid him rise to his feet, saying:

"Tom, at least do me this justice, bad as you are; let this lady gaze upon your features, and would to God that your heart was as pure as your features are comely."

Up to this time Tom Redway had not said one word, but as he rose to his feet, in obedience to Edgar Hall's request, he said:

"Not for your sake, nor for any justice due you, will I permit any one to gaze upon my features, but for this young lady's own sake she shall look upon them, for she is the only one I ever met in my life whom I had any respect for."

And as he spoke, Tom stepped toward Adele, and leaned his really handsome face forward, in the full light of the now fairly risen moon.

As with a cold shudder, and a colder chill at her heart, Adele gazed upon that wicked but handsome face, Edgar Hall said:

"Now, darling, is your question answered?"

"Is he your twin brother?" murmured Adele, as the tears streamed down her beautiful face.

"Ay, Adele, this far—we were born upon the same night, within the same hour, of *different mothers*; but I was not aware of it until one year ago."

"What is that you just said?" cried Tom Redway, with frantic energy, as he turned and gazed wildly at Edgar Hall.

"I said that I did not know that I had a brother, or that such a man as you were in existence, until within the last year."

"Are you really speaking the truth?"

"I am, as God hears me."

"Then, Edgar Hall, I am the victim of a terrible mistake. I was led to believe that you did know of my existence, and that for the last ten years you were upon my track as a relentless and untiring enemy."

"Who told you so?"

"Your father and mine."

"Then I hope he learned to repent of this among his other crimes, ere he died. What could have been his object?"

"It is all plain to me now. He knew my naturally wild, fierce disposition, inherited from my French mother, and meant to keep us ever apart; and he has succeeded."

"Tom, tell me one thing: under different circumstances do you believe you could have led a different life?"

"I know it."

"Then if I assist you to escape, will you reform and repent?"

"There is no repentance for me, Edgar; and after this night I do not hope ever to feel a throb of human kindness in my heart again. I am dyed to the core with human blood. I can count a victim for every finger; as I have lived, I must die."

"Oh, what shall I do?" murmured Edgar.

"If you had only said that you would repent and reform, it would have been an excuse to my own conscience for aiding you to escape; if you do not promise, I have nothing to do but hand you over to the detectives and officers, who at this moment most likely are in sound of my whistle call. Knowing your desperate character, and wishing to stop your career of crime for humanity's sake, before following you here, I made a confidant of the chief of police sufficiently to place them on your track until you were down, in case anything should befall me. I can not recall what I have told concerning you, neither, since what I have just heard, if I thought there was any hope of your reforming, would I wish you to be captured."

"Take off these handcuffs," said Tom, "and leave me to take care of myself. You have given information concerning me, your conscience ought to be satisfied."

As Tom spoke he held forth his manacled

wrists, and for the first time Adele noticed that he was handcuffed.

"Tom, why will you not promise to reform and repent?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Tom, bitterly. "I ain't a fool, Edgar, and there is one good trait in my character, I never pretended to be what I was not. I don't feel repentance, I am drenched in blood! I have neither heart nor conscience! I want to live as long as I can, and if you will assist me to escape I will leave this country, and you will never see or hear of me again. I will promise this much, but nothing more."

"Adele, what shall I do?"

"He saved my life," said Adele, "do not ask me to decide. You must know that my heart pleads for him upon that ground alone!"

"And so does mine," replied Edgar.

At this instant steps were heard approaching.

"Here come the detectives," said Edgar Hall.

"They have found the right trail, and are following me."

"And do you intend to deliver me bound into their hands?" said Tom Redway.

There was an instant's pause, and a fearful silence prevailed. Three pale, anxious countenances shone in the pale light of the moon. At length Edgar Hall advanced toward his half-brother, saying:

"May God forgive you! Oh, Tom, I can not give you up! Here, I will remove the handcuffs. I can do no more."

"Thank you," said Tom, in a low voice. "I ask no more!" and as the forms of the approaching detectives appeared advancing along the cliffs, Tom bounded away, but not before he had been seen. As the detectives came rushing up the one in advance exclaimed:

"Charley Burton, what have you been doing? Has that villain escaped you?"

"He has," replied Edgar Hall, sadly. "There he goes, pursue him! I can not, *he is my brother!*"

"Brother or no brother, he can not escape us!" cried the officers, as, without stopping a moment, they bounded away in the direction taken by the famous Brigand, in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"ADELE," said Edgar, "I hope I did right; I do not conscientiously believe that I have, but under the circumstances, I could not have done differently. You now know my secret."

"And I wish, Edgar, that I had been less obstinate, and I would have learned it sooner, and much misery might have been spared us both; but tell me, can you forgive me?"

"Adele, do not let the mere mention of the word forgiveness be heard between us, but tell me now that you know that I am not a criminal. Can you still love me, knowing that such a villain as Tom Redway is my brother?"

"I certainly can not hold you responsible for your brother's crimes; and if, even under ordinary circumstances, it would be right that I should, I can not under the present; while still believing you to be the real criminal, I loved you, and delayed, when my conscience told me different, giving what information I possessed to the police. And, I confess with shame, that I took advantage of their seeming indifference, not to urge them to accept it."

"Ours has been a strange and terrible experience."

"Yes; but are we not selfishly thinking of ourselves, while the poor creature who was thrown over that cliff may lie a hundred feet or less below us, suffering, and may be dying, if not dead."

"Adele, you are right; but tell me how it was that she, my brother's wife, was thrown over the cliff instead of you?"

Adele at once related all that had occurred since her first meeting with Lottie Redway.

When she had concluded, Edgar said:

"I have been greatly to blame."

"How is it," inquired Adele, "that you happened to be here? How did you find out that I was to be inveigled to this place, and my life attempted?"

"I will tell you," answered Edgar, "as we proceed back toward the village and procure assistance to return to the base of the cliff and succor that woman, if she is possibly alive, or recover and remove her body if dead," and through the shadows along the cliff, aided by the moonlight, these two persons, who had been the victims of such a strange fate, proceeded toward the village, and on the way, Edgar related the following facts:

"After my interview with you, my dear Adele, over the dead body of your uncle, I became convinced that I was the victim of the fatal resemblance my brother and myself bore to each other; and then I knew, also, that at last I was upon his track. This is not the first time that I have been made to suffer on his account. Twice I have been arrested for crime. The first time I was not aware of his existence; the last time, I have reason to believe that he took advantage of our likeness, and perpetrated a crime wherein he purposely personated me, and a second time I found myself imprisoned on his account."

"It was then that, in protection to myself, and for the purpose of ridding the community at large of a pest, that I started upon his track, determined to check his career of crime by some means."

"Thus it was that after the first surprise, when you accused me of the murder of your uncle, I again became aware that my brother had committed fresh crimes, for which I was to suffer."

"Then and there I would have told you the truth, but you repelled me."

"But what did you mean at that time," said Adele, "when you told me that you would make to me a strange confession?"

"I meant that I would tell you of this disgraceful connection."

"And what confession was there in that?"

"Had I not won the love of a girl of an honorable name, and at any moment might not this notorious criminal, my brother, be brought prominently before the public as connected with some terrible crime? and would not my relationship at any moment been likely to have become known; and it was because I had not told of this that I used the word confession."

"This reminds me," said Adele, with a rosy blush, which was plainly visible beneath the moonlight, "that I have something to tell you."

"Well, darling, what is it?"

"There is a doubt as to my really being the niece of the late General Dutay. Another is in possession of the estates, and he claims that my parentage was disgraceful, and that I was only a charity child whom the kind old man took in off of the streets."

"My dear child, this story is false, and fortunately I have the proofs that it is false."

"The proofs? how? Oh, tell me! I care little for the wealth, but I would like to know that the dear, kind man was really my uncle."

"He was. I have in possession his will, wherein he solemnly affirms that you are his niece—the only child of his younger and only brother. It appears that your father met with a fatal accident, the details of which were heart-rending, and that was why your uncle would never converse with you about your parents."

"How did you get possession of my uncle's will? Mr. Hasbrouck and I searched for it immediately after his death, and could find no will."

"I found the will in a *secret drawer of the jewel casket which my brother stole from you* the night your uncle was killed."

"The casket which contained my jewels! and have you recovered possession of that?"

"I have, and now I will surprise you still further. I am a regularly enrolled officer on the New York Detective Force. I am known upon the force as Charley Burton. I became a detective for the sole purpose of tracking my brother. This is how I happened to be detailed to work up the case disclosed by your note, and this is why also that the police did not pay more attention to your communication. For reasons of my own, I suppressed the information for the time being. I, among others, supposed you dead, but as I was near death myself, I had not time to mourn for you or realize my loss before I learned that the rumor was a mistake, and that you were still alive."

"How did you learn that I was still living?"

"Have you forgotten the note of warning you sent to me at my boarding-house?"

"I had forgotten that!"

"Well, when I received that note, I had just arisen from a bed of sickness. I was nearly killed by a woman whom I have since learned was my brother's wife, without knowing who she was, for I had never seen her face. I was 'piping' her as a supposed thief, and the desperate woman, to aid in her escape, at an unguarded moment suddenly dealt me a blow with a 'billy,' and for a long time my life hung upon a mere thread."

"What a wonderful and strange series of ad-

ventures have attended upon us both; but tell me, how did you recover the casket?"

"I tracked this woman to one of these resorts, and while searching the house, I found the casket, and subsequently I found the secret drawer and the will."

"But how did you find out that these people intended thus to attempt my life?"

"I was upon their track day and night, and when they hired a room in a certain low tenement on an obscure street, from motives of safety, I hired the room adjoining theirs, and by making good use of my ears I overheard their plan. The man who is now in possession of your estates was the instigator of your assassination."

"And why did you not warn me?"

"Because I wished to catch my brother in an attempted criminal act, when I would confront him with you, face to face, and, beyond any possibility of doubt, remove the strange hallucination from your mind. I thought that I had taken every precaution to avoid any risk, but I am now convinced that I did wrong. But, thank Heaven, at least you are safe, the mystery is cleared up, and we may yet be happy."

"We could, if it were not for one thing."

"Yes—my brother; but, my darling, I am not going to allow his wickedness to mar my happiness any more; neither one of us has any particular ties in this country, and as soon as possible we will fly from this land, and leave forever behind us the scene of our trouble and suffering, and my disgrace through my brother."

"I wish there was still hope of his reform and repentance before death overtakes him."

"I have not the slightest hope; but here we are at the village. I shall try to obtain a conveyance, and we will return to the city to-night by land; it is not more than three hours' drive, and, fortunately, I know the road very well."

As Edgar gave utterance to the last word, Adele suddenly grasped his arm tightly, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Edgar, who—what is that?" and she pointed to a figure just in advance of them.

"My dear, dear child, you are nervous and excited. That is only the form of a woman—some one of the villagers, probably."

"No, it is not one of the villagers. I know that form well; it is your brother's wife, either in the body or in the spirit."

"In the body, if at all. I will speak to her."

"I pray you do not; if she has miraculously escaped death, so much the better; but do not let us address her. I fear that woman, and I would rather have her think me dead than living."

"You need fear no one now, my dear Adele. You are always from hence under my special protection; but a few hours shall elapse after our return to the city before I shall exact the fulfillment of your promise to become my wife."

"Do not speak of this now, Edgar."

"No, I will not; but I am going to speak to that woman."

And he started ahead, intending to address her, when, to his great amazement she suddenly vanished from sight, and he saw nothing but space before him.

With a start of surprise he turned toward Adele, and murmured: "Can it be possible that it was a spirit, after all, and will we have to go to the base of the cliff for the body?"

"No," said Adele. "I saw what you did not; it was the woman in the flesh, and I am glad that she escaped you—I fear her."

After a great deal of trouble, and the promise of an exorbitant price, Edgar Hall finally secured a conveyance to New York, and after a pleasant ride beneath the moonlight, they reached the city; and upon the following day Edgar insisted upon the fulfillment of Adele's promise, and they were married.

Immediately after the ceremony, Edgar started for the office of Mr. Hasbrouck, the lawyer, and fortunately found him in. And after listening to an account of the adventures through which Edgar and Adele had passed, he related his own, concluding with the statement that his clerk had caused detectives to search the house, and he was thereby released from his awful position.

After some further talk, steps were decided upon for at once again placing Adele in possession of her uncle's estates.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As our readers recollect, when Tom Redway fled away from the verge of the cliff, upon the approach of the detective officers, he was clad

in the disguise of a woman, and he had proceeded but a few steps when he became convinced that the chances for his escape in his present apparel were very slim. Fortunately he had other clothing beneath his disguise, and as he sped along through the underbrush, over rocks and fallen trees, he removed article after article until he was completely unencumbered by the awkward apparel in which he had started. Tom was a light, athletic man, and a good runner; but a sudden fall, and injury to his knee, placed him at a disadvantage. One of his pursuers, he felt, was fast gaining upon him, and soon he received a hail to halt. To this he paid no attention, but kept bravely on, when the report of a pistol broke the stillness, and a bullet whistled in close proximity to his head. But Tom was not afraid of bullets; he had been fired at so often, and had run so many perilous risks, that he began to feel that he bore a charmed life.

"The next time I fire," shouted his pursuer, "I'll bring you down, so if you know when you are well off, you'll stand."

But on Tom sped, as though he had not heard his voice. And again a pistol report rang out upon the night-air, and another ball whistled harmlessly by him. Each time the detective had stopped to fire, Tom had gained several paces, and now, with a glad feeling of triumph, he saw a clearing ahead of him, and felt that if he could once get beyond the woods his chances for escape would be far better. Again and again, the detective shouted to him to stand; and twice more discharged his pistol at the fleeing Brigand; and as he still beheld the pursued speeding along, and felt his own breath and strength giving out, curses, not loud but deep, fell from his lips. He and Tom had outstripped the third, and were far in advance, when suddenly with a smothered cry of delight, Tom came to a fence which bordered a road. By the time the detective, puffing and blowing, and completely exhausted, reached the fence, the pursued had disappeared entirely from view.

"Hang him!" exclaimed the discomfited officer, "I can't travel any further without taking a breath; but that scamp sha'n't escape me! he must be pretty nearly run out himself. But he is a game one, and no mistake."

By this time the other officers came up, and one of them exclaimed:

"Have you got him, Bill?"

"Yes, I've got him, in a horn!" replied the panting officer. "He's got the speed of a hound, and he's as game as a bull-dog."

"Well, you ain't going to give up the chase this way, are you?"

"I guess not. That man's human—he can't run all night, that's sure. I've been after such fellows before, and it's a hundred dollars to a bad cent that he is already crawling into some hiding-place, and if we can't hound him out between four of us, we had better hand in our badges to the chief and take a hand at hock carrying."

"Well, I think we had better be at his heels," observed one of the others.

"That's just what I'm ready to do, now that I've had a breathing spell; and if we hope to capture that chap, we've got to play a cautious game, for he's just as sharp as they make 'em."

With cautious tread, and with eyes and ears wide open, the four detectives stealthily moved along the road, critically examining either side of the way, for the purpose of noting any place where the man they were after would be likely to leave the road.

In the meantime, Tom had been speeding rapidly along, and, at length, he came to the edge of the woods. Before him lay open fields on either side, and in the distance, he saw, between a clump of trees upon a rising knoll, the glimmer of a light in a farm-house. Already he felt that his escape was assured, when suddenly, and unfortunately for him, he stepped upon a sharp stone, his ankle twisted beneath him, and he fell headlong, bruising and cutting his face. As he attempted to rise to his feet, a cry of agony escaped him, followed by bitter curses, as he realized that his ankle was either sprained or broken, and that further flight was impossible. Still his indomitable will was not broken, and despite the excruciating agony that every movement caused him, he crawled through the fence into a field, and slowly, though surely, made his way toward the barn which he now plainly beheld.

"If I can once reach the cover of that barn," he murmured, "I am all right. I once swore that I would never be taken alive, and I never will be, although I am satisfied now that the

jig is up. I'm run to earth. Lottie's warnings must have been true. Never mind, it had to come sooner or later, and it might as well be now as any time. But I'll die game!"

Thus suffering untold tortures, he crawled along, and finally reached the barn. The barn door was fastened with a latch upon a staple.

As he rose to his feet to unlatch it, he cast a look behind him across the fields, and with a grim smile of desperation, beheld his four pursuers coming across the field toward the barn.

"They have tracked me, and I knew they would," he muttered; "but it's all the same to me," and pulling out the peg, he drew open the barn door, entered, and closing it after him, fastened it with a hook which he found on the inner side. Then, as deliberately as though in the city, unpursued and in his own room, he drew a small dark-lantern from his pocket, struck a match, lighted his lamp, and throwing its narrow, sharp ray about, discovered the steps leading to the hay-mow above. Painfully he ascended, and had just time to crawl to a small shutterless window, when the officers arrived in front of the barn.

"Hold on, there!" cried Tom; "don't come any nearer, or one of you will go down!"

"Say, old man," replied one of the officers, "this thing is played; you had better give yourself up like a man, and save any further trouble."

"That ain't my style at all," replied Tom; "I'll never be taken alive!"

"Then we'll have to take you dead, old man, but take you we will."

"Never!" replied Tom, firmly.

"Your body will answer just as well, so you had better take no chances, and surrender alive."

"All you'll ever find of my body," replied Tom, "you're welcome to."

At that instant, one of the officers raised his pistol and fired, and Tom gave a sudden start as the ball shattered his left shoulder; but quickly drawing and cocking his own pistol, he leveled it, and fired in return, when one of the detectives gave a leap into the air, and fell back with a heavy groan. The other officers now fired simultaneously, but Tom had withdrawn from the window, and their bullets flew harmlessly through it.

"Let's make a rush for the door," said one of the officers.

"Easy, my lad," replied another; "that chap means mischief. We've got him sure; let's see first how badly Jack is hurt."

"I'm all right," replied Jack, the one who had been wounded: "the wound is a bad one, but not fatal. I've been hit before this."

For a moment the officers now held a consultation as to what was best to be done. During their confab, the inmates of the farm-house came rushing out to ascertain the cause of the shots they had heard. Suddenly one of the officers, turning toward the barn, exclaimed:

"Great Heaven! what's that!"

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed their leader, "the barn is on fire!"

At the same moment, a dull report was heard.

"He's fired the barn, and shot himself!" was the general exclamation; and they told the truth. Tom Redway had a deadly suggestion in his words, when he called back to them, that they were welcome to all of his body that they could get; for immediately after discharging his pistol at the officer, he had taken the lamp from his lantern, turned away, and deliberately ignited the immense pile of dry hay which filled the barn; and when he found it blazing away at full blast, he deliberately placed his pistol to his own temple, pulled the trigger, and scattered his brains abroad. And his threat was fully verified. Before the least effort could be made to save it, the whole old, dry barn was one perfect mass of flames; and the detectives who had run Tom Redway to earth, never had the satisfaction of producing one atom of his body. All that they could offer to the authorities to substantiate their claim to the reward for his capture, was the story of the Brigand's tragic death and utter bodily annihilation.

One month subsequent to the terrible death of the noted Brigand, a handsome young lady and gentleman, evidently but recently married, stood upon the deck of a noble steamer, as amidst the sound of her starting guns she drew from the dock.

"Adele," said the gentleman, as he turned to his companion, "I never wish to behold these shores again after they have once faded from our view; and every hour, as it passes, will be to me more blessed, as it hides in the dim mist

of the past the fearful memories of my sojourn in this land."

"Amen, Edar!" responded Adele, as she gazed fondly upon his handsome face. "But we have one comfort—I believe that the repentance of your brother's wife is sincere; and I am glad that it was within our power to afford her the means and opportunity to atone, as far as possible, for the evil of her past life."

And so the noble steamer slowly drew out into the stream, and headed toward the Narrows. The will of General Dutay had been proved; the property had been restored to its rightful owner, and Leon Duflon had perished by his own hand, thus ending the career of another of the Brigands of New York. And as night fell upon the waters, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hall stood upon the deck and took their last view of the fading shores of America, far in the distance, forever.

THE END.

THE NEW YORK FIRESIDE COMPANION.

A PAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

PURE, BRIGHT, AND INTERESTING.

THE FIRESIDE COMPANION numbers among its contributors the

Best of Living Fiction Writers.

ITS DETECTIVE STORIES

Are the most absorbing ever published, and its specialties are features peculiar to this journal.

A FASHION ARTICLE,

Embracing the newest modes, prices, etc., by a noted modiste, is printed in every number.

The Answers to Correspondents

Contain reliable information on every conceivable subject.

TERMS:—The New York Fireside Companion will be sent for one year, on receipt of \$3; two copies for \$5. Getters-up of clubs can afterward add single copies at \$2.50 each. We will be responsible for remittances sent in Registered Letters or by Post-office Money Orders. Postage free. Specimen copies sent free.

GEORGE MUNRO, Publisher,
P. O. Box 3751. 17 to 27 Vandewater St., N. Y.

THE NEW YORK Fashion Bazar Book of the Toilet.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

GEORGE MUNRO, Publisher,
P. O. Box 3751. 17 to 27 Vandewater Street, N. Y.

This is a little book which we can recommend to every lady for the

Preservation and Increase of Health and Beauty.

IT CONTAINS FULL DIRECTIONS FOR ALL THE

Arts and Mysteries of Personal Decoration,

AND FOR

Increasing the Natural Graces of Form and Expression.

ALL THE LITTLE AFFECTIONS OF THE

SKIN, HAIR, EYES AND BODY

That detract from appearance and happiness are made the subjects of precise and excellent recipes.

Ladies Are Instructed How to Reduce Their Weight

WITHOUT INJURY TO HEALTH AND WITHOUT PRODUCING PALLORE AND WEAKNESS.

Nothing necessary to a complete toilet book of recipes and valuable advice and information has been overlooked in the compilation of this volume.

For sale by all Newsdealers, or sent to any address on receipt of the price, postage prepaid, by the Publisher.

1142	The Golden Tress.....	20
1225	The Mystery of an Omnibus.....	20
1241	The Matapan Affair. First half.....	20
1241	The Matapan Affair. Second half.....	20
1307	The Robbery of the Orphans; or, Jean Tourniol's Inheritance.....	20
1356	The Golden Pig (Le Cochon d'Or). Part I.....	20
1356	The Golden Pig. Part II.....	20
1432	His Great Revenge. First half.....	20
1432	His Great Revenge. Second half.....	20
1465	The Privateersman's Legacy. First half.....	20
1465	The Privateersman's Legacy. Second half.....	20
1481	The Ferry-boat (Le Bac).....	20
1534	Satan's Coach (L'Equipage du Diable). First half.....	20
1534	Satan's Coach (L'Equipage du Diable). Second half.....	20
1550	The Ace of Hearts (L'As de Cœur). First half.....	20
1550	The Ace of Hearts (L'As de Cœur). Second half.....	20
1602	Marie-Rose; or, The Mystery. First half.....	20
1602	Marie-Rose; or, The Mystery. Second half.....	20
1717	Sealed Lips.....	20
1742	The Coral Pin.....	30
1793	Chevalier Casse-Cou. First half.....	20
1793	Chevalier Casse-Cou. Second half.....	20
1799	The Steel Necklace.....	20
1800	Bertha's Secret. First half.....	20
1800	Bertha's Secret. Second half.....	20

"THE DUCHESS'" WORKS.

258	Phyllis (small type).....	10
589	Phyllis (large type).....	20
393	Molly Bawn.....	20
445	The Baby.....	10
499	"Airy Fairy Lillian".....	20
771	Beauty's Daughters.....	20
855	How Snooks Got Out of It.....	10
1010	Mrs. Geoffrey.....	20
1169	Faith and Unfaith.....	20
1518	Portia; or, "By Passions Rocked".....	20
1587	Monica, and A Rose Distill'd.....	10
1666	Loys, Lord Berresford, and Other Tales.....	20
1685	Moonshine and Marguerites.....	10
1743	Rossmoyne.....	10
1769	Fortune's Wheel, and Other Stories.....	10

SIR CHAS. GAVAN DUFFY'S WORKS.

002	Young Ireland. Part I.....	20
002	Young Ireland. Part II.....	20

ALEXANDER DUMAS' WORKS.

144	The Twin Lieutenants.....	10
151	The Russian Gipsy.....	10
155	The Count of Monte-Cristo (Complete in One Volume).....	20
160	The Black Tulip.....	10
167	The Queen's Necklace.....	20
172	The Chevalier de Maison Rouge.....	20
184	The Countess de Charny.....	20
188	Nanon.....	10
193	Joseph Balsamo; or, Memoirs of a Physician.....	20
194	The Conspirators.....	10
198	Isabel of Bavaria.....	10
201	Catherine Blum.....	10
223	Beau Tancrede; or, The Marriage Verdict (small type).....	10
097	Beau Tancrede, or, The Marriage Verdict (large type).....	20
228	The Regent's Daughter.....	10
244	The Three Guardsmen.....	20
238	The Forty-five Guardsmen.....	20
276	The Page of the Duke of Savoy.....	10
278	Six Years Later; or, Taking the Bastille.....	20
283	Twenty Years After.....	20
298	Captain Paul.....	10
306	Three Strong Men.....	10
318	Ingenue.....	10
331	Adventures of a Marquis. First half.....	20
331	Adventures of a Marquis. Second half.....	20
342	The Mohicans of Paris. Vol. I. (small type).....	10
1565	The Mohicans of Paris. Vol. I. (large type).....	20
1565	The Mohicans of Paris. Vol. II. (large type).....	20
1565	The Mohicans of Paris. Vol. III. (large type).....	20
1565	The Mohicans of Paris. Vol. IV. (large type).....	20
344	Ascanio.....	10
608	The Watchmaker.....	20
616	The Two Dianas.....	20
622	André de Taverney.....	20

664	Vicomte de Bragelonne (1st Series)....	20
664	Vicomte de Bragelonne (2d Series)....	20
664	Vicomte de Bragelonne (3d Series)....	20
664	Vicomte de Bragelonne (4th Series)....	20
688	Chicot, the Jester.....	20
849	Doctor Basilus.....	20
1452	Salvator: Being the continuation and conclusion of "The Mohicans of Paris." Vol. I.....	20
1452	Salvator: Being the continuation and conclusion of "The Mohicans of Paris." Vol. II.....	20
1452	Salvator: Being the continuation and conclusion of "The Mohicans of Paris." Vol. III.....	20
1452	Salvator: Being the continuation and conclusion of "The Mohicans of Paris." Vol. IV.....	20
1452	Salvator: Being the continuation and conclusion of "The Mohicans of Paris." Vol. V.....	20
1561	The Corsican Brothers.....	10
1592	Marguerite de Valois. An Historical Romance.....	20

GEORGE EBERS' WORKS.

712	Uarda: A Romance of Ancient Egypt.....	20
756	Homo Sum.....	10
812	An Egyptian Princess.....	20
880	The Sisters.....	20
1120	The Emperor.....	20
1397	The Burgomaster's Wife. A Tale of the Siege of Leyden.....	20
1594	Only a Word.....	20

AMELIA B. EDWARDS' WORKS.

18	Barbara's History.....	20
134	My Brother's Wife.....	10
145	Half a Million of Money.....	20
157	Hand and Glove.....	10
472	Debenham's Vow.....	20
743	In the Days of My Youth.....	20
829	Lord Brackenbury.....	20
867	Miss Carew.....	20
1770	Twice Saved: A Story of To-day.....	10

MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS' WORKS.

148	A Blue Stocking.....	10
154	A Point of Honor.....	10
361	A Vagabond Heroine.....	10
387	Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune?.....	10
471	Leah: A Woman of Fashion.....	20
594	Archie Lovell.....	20
655	Ought We to Visit Her?.....	20
679	Vivian the Beauty.....	10
825	Philip Earncliffe; or, The Morals of May Fair.....	20
1351	A Ballroom Repentance.....	20
1585	Susan Fielding. A Love Story.....	20
1807	Steven Lawrence.....	20

PIERCE EGAN'S WORKS.

430	Quintin Matsys.....	20
1108	The Poor Girl.....	20
1180	Hagar Lot; or, The Fate of the Poor Girl.....	20
1271	The Scarlet Flower.....	20
1600	The Fair Lillias. Part I.....	20
1600	The Fair Lillias. Part II.....	20
1600	The Fair Lillias. Part III.....	20

MRS. C. J. EILOART'S WORKS.

411	The Love that Lived.....	20
923	The Dean's Wife.....	20
1341	My Lady Clare.....	20
1660	Some of Our Girls.....	20

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

7	Adam Bede.....	20
11	The Mill on the Floss (small type)....	10
941	The Mill on the Floss (large type)....	20
15	Romola.....	20
35	Felix Holt, the Radical.....	20
58	Silas Marner.....	20
70	Middlemarch.....	20
80	Daniel Deronda.....	20
202	Mr. Gilfil's Love Story.....	10
217	Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton....	10
277	Brother Jacob.....	10
309	Janet's Repentance.....	10
527	Impressions of Theophrastus Such....	10
1276	The Spanish Gypsy: A Poem.....	20

VIOLET FANE'S WORKS.

1174	Sophy; or, The Adventures of a Sav- age. First half.....	20
1174	Sophy; or, The Adventures of a Sav- age. Second half.....	20

B. L. FARJEON'S WORKS.

96	Love's Victory.....	14
105	At the Sign of the Silver Flagon.....	14
107	Blade-o'-Grass.....	14
113	Golden Grain.....	14
133	The Duchess of Rosemary Lane.....	10
139	London's Heart.....	20
149	Joshua Marvel.....	20
248	"Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses".....	10
324	Shadows on the Snow.....	10
670	The Bells of Penraven.....	10
992	119 Great Porter Square.....	20
1196	Grif.....	20
1511	Johnny's Christmas.....	10
1682	The Sacred Nugget.....	20
1774	Little Make Believe.....	10

F. W. FARRAR'S WORKS.

711	The Life of Christ.....	20
722	Life and Work of St. Paul. First half.....	20
722	Life and Work of St. Paul. Second half.....	20

GEO. MANVILLE FENN'S WORKS.

468	A Gilded Pill.....	10
693	Goblin Rock.....	10
1068	The Clerk of Portwick.....	20
1143	The Vicar's People.....	20
1783	The Rosery Folk.....	10

THE HON. MRS. FETHERSTONHAUGH'S WORKS.

496	Lil, "Fair, Fair, With Golden Hair".....	10
1456	For Old Sake's Sake.....	10

SUSAN EDMONSTONE FERRIER'S WORKS.

1273	Marriage. A Novel.....	20
1285	The Inheritance. Vol. I.....	20
1285	The Inheritance. Vol. II.....	20
1290	Destiny; or, The Chief's Daughter. Vol. I.....	20
1290	Destiny; or, The Chief's Daughter. Vol. II.....	20

OCTAVE FEUILLET'S WORKS.

120	Romance of a Poor Young Man.....	10
428	A Woman's Journal.....	10
885	Onesta. A Story of Venice.....	10
1040	Jeanne; or, The History of a Parisienne.....	10
1114	Life and Adventures of Punchinello.....	10

MRS. FORRESTER'S WORKS.

395	Fair Women.....	20
431	Diana Carew.....	20
474	Viva.....	20
504	Rhona.....	20
538	A Young Man's Fancy.....	10
556	Mignon.....	20
573	The Turn of Fortune's Wheel.....	10
600	Dolores.....	20
620	In a Country House.....	10
632	Queen Elizabeth's Garden.....	10
858	Roy and Viola.....	20
894	My Hero.....	20
1163	My Lord and My Lady.....	20
1471	I Have Lived and Loved.....	20
1588	From Olympus to Hades.....	20
1726	June.....	20

JESSIE FOTHERGILL'S WORKS.

661	Probation.....	20
840	The Wellfields.....	20
1079	"One of Three".....	10
1083	Made or Marred.....	10
1129	Kith and Kin.....	20

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE'S WORKS.

1069	Undine.....	10
1106	Sintram and his Companions.....	10

R. E. FRANCILLON'S WORKS.

178	Rare Good Luck.....	10
644	Pearl and Emerald.....	10
713	Esther's Glove.....	10
904	Queen Cophetua.....	20
924	Under Slieve-Ban.....	10
1327	Jack Doyle's Daughter.....	20
1478	The Man With Three Eyes.....	10
1484	By Day and Night.....	10
1513	Quits at Last. An Account in Seven Items.....	10
1746	A Great Heirress.....	10
1796	A Real Queen.....	20

GUSTAV FREYTAG'S WORKS.

1408	Debit and Credit. First half.....	24
1408	Debit and Credit. Second half.....	24

JAMES A. FROUDE'S WORKS.

790 John Bunyan.....	10
974 Caesar.....	20
277 Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of His Life. Vol. I.	20
277 Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of His Life. Vol. II.	20
313 Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. First half. Edited by James Anthony Froude.....	20
1613 Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Second half. Edited by James Anthony Froude.....	20

GEORGIANA FULLERTON'S WORKS.

442 The Notary's Daughter. From the French of Madame Leonie D'Aulney	10
765 Rose Leblanc.....	10
864 Rosemary.....	10
1804 Eliane. From the French of Mrs. Augustus Craven.....	20

EMILE GABORIAU'S WORKS.

408 File No. 113.....	20
465 Monsieur Lecocq. First half.....	20
465 Monsieur Lecocq. Second half.....	20
476 The Slaves of Paris. First half.....	20
476 The Slaves of Paris. Second half.....	20
490 Marriage at a Venture.....	10
494 The Mystery of Orival.....	20
501 Other People's Money.....	20
509 Within an Inch of His Life.....	20
515 The Widow Lerouge.....	20
523 The Clique of Gold.....	20
671 The Count's Secret. Part I.....	20
671 The Count's Secret. Part II.....	20
704 Captain Contanceau; or, The Volunteers of 1792.....	10
741 The Downward Path; or, A House Built on Sand (La Degringolade). Part I.....	20
741 The Downward Path; or, A House Built on Sand (La Degringolade). Part II.....	20
758 The Little Old Man of the Batignolles.	10
778 The Men of the Bureau.....	10
789 Promises of Marriage.....	10
813 The 13th Hussars.....	10
824 A Thousand Francs Reward.....	10
899 Max's Marriage; or, The Vicomte's Choice.....	10
1184 The Marquise de Brinvilliers.....	20

EDWARD GARRETT'S WORKS.

1233 Family Fortunes: A Domestic Story	20
1527 Her Object in Life.....	10

MRS. GASKELL'S WORKS.

125 Mary Barton.....	10
127 My Lady Ludlow.....	10
128 Cousin Phillis.....	10
208 North and South.....	20
232 A Dark Night's Work.....	10
1113 Cranford.....	10
1281 The Grey Woman, and Other Tales.....	10
1808 Libbie Marsh's Three Eras, and Other Tales.....	10
1372 Lizzie Leigh, and Other Tales.....	10
1413 Wives and Daughters. First half.....	20
1418 Wives and Daughters. Second half.....	20

CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE'S WORKS.

717 Life and Words of Christ. First half.	20
717 Life and Words of Christ. Second half.	20

CHARLES GIBBON'S WORKS.

682 Queen of the Meadow.....	20
690 Robin Gray.....	20
751 In Honor Bound.....	20
776 For Lack of Gold.....	20
1173 A Heart's Problem.....	10
1371 Of High Degree.....	20
1495 What Will the World Say?.....	20
1503 The Golden Shaft.....	20
1620 In Pastures Green.....	10
1723 A Maiden Fair.....	10

THEODORE GIFT'S WORKS.

425 Maid Ellice.....	20
1028 A Matter-of-Fact Girl.....	20
1088 Visited on the Children.....	20

W. S. GILBERT'S WORKS.

489 "Bab" Ballads. 189 Illustrations.	20
539 The Pirates of Penzance; or, The Slave of Duty, and Other Original Plays.....	10
555 The Wicked World, and Other Original Plays.....	10

1566 H.M.S. Pinafore; or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor, and Other Original Plays.....	10
1574 The Sorcerer, and Other Original Plays.....	10

MRS. G. W. GODFREY'S WORKS.

1033 The Beautiful Miss Roche.....	10
1575 Unspotted From the World.....	20

JAMES GRANT'S WORKS.

216 Legends of the Black Watch.....	10
245 Jack Manly.....	10
290 Dick Rodney.....	10
321 Captain of the Guard.....	10
335 The Queen's Cadet.....	10
339 Letty Hyde's Lovers.....	10
347 The Hundred Cuirassiers.....	10
1097 Torthorwald.....	20

MARIA M. GRANT'S WORKS.

312 Artiste.....	10
378 Bright Morning; or, Once and Forever	20
383 The Sun Maid.....	20
398 Victor Lescair.....	20
617 My Heart's in the Highlands.....	20
729 Prince Hugo.....	20
1208 One May Day. A Sketch in Summer Time.....	20
1560 Jeanie Nairn's Wee Laddie. A Simple Story of the Old Town.....	10

J. R. GREEN'S WORKS.

861 History of the English People. Vol. I.	20
861 History of the English People. Vol. II.	20
861 History of the English People. Vol. III.	20
861 History of the English People. Vol. IV.	20
1274 The Making of England. With Maps	20

HENRY GREVILLE'S WORKS.

404 Ariadne.....	10
420 Niania.....	10
424 Sonia.....	10
536 Anton Malisoff.....	10
544 The Princess Ogherof.....	10
1418 Sylvie's Betrothed.....	20

F. W. HACKLÄNDER'S WORKS.

645 Behind the Counter.....	20
1619 European Slave Life. First half.....	20
1619 European Slave Life. Second half.....	20

T. C. HALIBURTON'S WORKS.

413 Sam Slick, the Clockmaker.....	10
473 The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England.....	20
895 The Old Judge.....	20
1219 Sam Slick in Search of a Wife; or, Wise Saws.....	20

IZA DUFFUS HARDY'S WORKS.

659 A Broken Faith.....	20
753 Only a Love Story.....	20
1971 Glencairn.....	20

THOMAS HARDY'S WORKS.

50 Under the Greenwood Tree.....	10
569 Far From the Madding Crowd.....	20
738 Fellow-Townsmen.....	10
890 The Trumpet-Major.....	20
946 The Hand of Ethelberta.....	20
986 A Pair of Blue Eyes.....	20
1147 A Laodicean.....	20
1155 What the Shepherd Saw.....	10
1224 Desperate Remedies.....	20
1459 Two On a Tower.....	20
1686 The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.....	10

WILLIAM HAUFF'S WORKS.

889 The Beggar Girl of the Bridge of Arts.	10
995 The Emperor's Picture.....	10

MARY CECIL HAY'S WORKS.

8 The Arundel Motto.....	10
407 The Arundel Motto (in large type).....	20
9 Old Myddelton's Money.....	10
427 Old Myddelton's Money (in large type).....	10
17 Hidden Perils.....	10
434 Hidden Perils (in large type).....	20
23 The Squire's Legacy.....	10
516 The Squire's Legacy (in large type).....	20
27 Victor and Vanquished.....	20
29 Nora's Love Test.....	10
421 Nora's Love Test (in large type).....	10
275 A Shadow on the Threshold.....	10
363 Reaping the Whirlwind.....	10
384 Back to the Old Home.....	10
415 A Dark Inheritance.....	10

440 The Sorrow of a Secret, and Lady Carmichael's Will.....	10
686 Brenda Yorke.....	10
724 For Her Dear Sake.....	20
852 Missing.....	10
855 Dolf's Big Brother.....	10
930 In the Holidays, and The Name Cut on a Gate.....	10
935 Under Life's Key, and Other Stories.....	20
972 Into the Shade, and Other Stories.....	20
1011 My First Offer.....	10
1014 Told in New England, and Other Tales.....	10
1016 At the Seaside; or, A Sister's Sacrifice.....	10
1220 Dorothy's Venture.....	20
1221 Among the Ruins, and Other Stories.....	10
1431 "A Little Aversion".....	10
1549 Bid Me Discourse.....	10

PAUL HEYSE'S WORKS.

1119 A Fortnight at the Dead Lake, and Beatrice.....	10
1130 Doomed.....	10
1243 The Witch of the Corso.....	10
1291 Barbarossa, and Other Tales.....	10
1344 L'Arrabiata, and Other Tales.....	10
1359 The Fair Kate.....	10
1577 Children of the World. First half.....	20
1577 Children of the World. Second half.....	20

MRS. CASHEL HOEY'S WORKS.

493 A Golden Sorrow.....	20
901 The Blossoming of an Aloe.....	20
1170 The Question of Cain.....	20
1622 What Might Have Been.....	20

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE'S WORKS.

1521 Strictly Tied Up.....	20
1530 The Brandreths (Sequel to "Strictly Tied Up").....	20

MARY A. M. HOPPUS' WORKS.

1612 A Story of Carnival.....	10
1786 A Great Treason. A Story of the War of Independence.....	20

E. H. HUDSON'S WORKS.

1145 The Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia. Part I.....	20
1145 The Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia. Part II.....	20

THOMAS HUGHES' WORKS.

492 Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby.....	20
598 The Manliness of Christ.....	10
640 Tom Brown at Oxford.....	20
1041 Rugby—Tennessee.....	10

VICTOR HUGO'S WORKS.

179 The History of a Crime.....	10
261 Les Misérables—Fantine.....	10
262 Les Misérables—Cosette.....	10
263 Les Misérables—Marius.....	10
264 Les Misérables—St. Denis.....	10
265 Les Misérables—Jean Valjean.....	10
307 The Toilers of the Sea.....	20
597 The Hunchback of Notre Dame.....	20

MRS. ALFRED W. HUNT'S WORKS.

917 The Posy Ring.....	10
925 The Leaden Casket.....	20

JEAN INGELOW'S WORKS.

611 Sarah de Berenger.....	20
694 Off the Skelligs.....	20
839 Fated to be Free.....	20
982 Don John.....	20

LADY JACKSON'S WORKS.

1190 The French Court and Society. Part I.	20
1190 The French Court and Society. Part II.	20
1270 The Old Régime: Court, Salons, and Theaters. Part I.....	20
1270 The Old Régime: Court, Salons, and Theaters. Part II.....	20

G. P. R. JAMES' WORKS.

303 Margaret Graham.....	10
599 The Castle of Ehrenstein.....	20
607 The Last of the Fairies.....	10
614 The Man at Arms; or, Henry de Cerons	20
692 The King's Highway.....	20
755 The Smuggler.....	20
814 The Old Oak Chest.....	20
947 Philip Augustus.....	20
988 The Huguenot.....	20
1246 Richelieu: A Tale of France.....	20
1331 The False Heir.....	20
1708 Agnes Sorel.....	20

- 1710 Russell. A Tale of the Reign of Charles II. 20
1718 Darnley; or, The Field of the Cloth of Gold. 20
1719 The Robber. 20

MISS HARRIETT JAY'S WORKS.

- 637 Madge Dunraven. 20
650 The Queen of Connaught. 10
1244 Two Men and a Maid. 20
1374 The Dark Colleen. 20
1532 My Connaught Cousins. 20
1557 The Priest's Blessing; or, Poor Patrick's Progress from this World to a Better. 10
1808 Through the Stage Door. 20

JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON'S WORKS.

- 1409 Olive Blake's Good Work. 20
1609 Lottie Darling. 20

MRS. C. JENKIN'S WORKS.

- 658 Who Breaks—Pays. 10
1251 A Psyche of To-Day. 20

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL."

- 1434 Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress. 10
1461 Very Genteel. 20
1536 The Jerningham Journals. 20

JULIA KAVANAGH'S WORKS.

- 238 Beatrice. 20
879 Rachel Gray. 10

ANNIE KEARY'S WORKS.

- 681 A Doubting Heart. 20
715 Oldbury. 20
793 Castle Daly. 20
1444 A York and a Lancaster Rose. 20
1493 Janet's Home. 20

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S WORKS.

- 783 Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face. 20
1237 Westward, Ho! First half. 20
1237 Westward, Ho! Second half. 20
1248 Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. 20

W. H. G. KINGSTON'S WORKS.

- 204 The Young Llanero. 10
315 Twice Lost. 20
1194 The South Sea Whaler. 10
1698 A Tale of the Shore and Ocean; or, The Heir of Kilfinnan. 20
1747 Peter the Whaler. 10
1792 Mark Seaworth. A Tale of the Indian Ocean. 20
1808 The Midshipman. 10

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY BIRD'S PENITENCE."

- 1112 A Willful Woman.—Ladybird's Penitence.—Her Own Deception.—"We Kissed Again, with Tears" (four complete novels in one number). 10
1262 Maysel's Prisoner. 10
1425 His Wedded Wife. 20
1713 Miss Masserene. 20

MAY LAFFAN'S WORKS.

- 563 Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor. 10
739 Christy Carew. 20
763 No Relations. From the French of Hector Malot. 20
1100 Weeds. 10
1175 Hogan, M. P. 20
1185 The Honorable Miss Ferrard. 20

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE'S WORKS.

- 792 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots. 10
1526 The Stonemason of Saint Point. 10

GEORGE LAWRENCE'S WORKS.

- 806 Guy Livingstone. 10
809 Sword and Gown. 10
1423 Hagarene. 20
1435 Brakespeare. 20

HOLME LEE'S WORKS.

- 998 Katharine's Trial. 10
1214 The Beautiful Miss Barrington. 20
1548 A Poor Squire. 20
1648 Sylvan Holt's Daughter. 20

MARGARET LEE'S WORKS.

- 354 A Celebrated Case. 10
958 Nellie. 20
1024 Lizzie Adriance. 20
1087 The Missing Marriage Certificate. 10
1724 Since First I Saw Your Face. 20

MRS. LEITH-ADAMS' WORKS.

- 214 Winstowe. 20
353 Georgie's Wooer. 10
553 My Land of Beulah. 10
592 Madelon Lemoine. 20
906 Aunt Hepsy's Foundling. 20
1126 Lady Deane. 10

CHARLES LEVER'S WORKS.

- 98 Harry Lorrequer. 20
132 Jack Hinton, the Guardsman. 20
137 A Rent in a Cloud. 10
146 Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon (Triple Number). 30
152 Arthur O'Leary. 20
168 Con Cregan. 20
169 St. Patrick's Eve. 10
174 Kate O'Donoghue. 20
257 That Boy of Norcott's. 10
296 Tom Burke of Ours. First half. 20
296 Tom Burke of Ours. Second half. 20
319 Davenport Dunn. First half. 20
319 Davenport Dunn. Second half. 20
464 Gerald Fitzgerald. 20
470 The Fortunes of Glencore. 20
529 Lord Kilgobbin. 20
546 Maurice Tiernay. 20
566 A Day's Ride. 20
609 Barrington. 20
633 Sir Jasper Carew, Knight. 20
657 The Martins of Cro' Martin. Part I. 20
657 The Martins of Cro' Martin. Part II. 20
822 Tony Butler. 20
872 Luttrell of Arran. Part I. 20
872 Luttrell of Arran. Part II. 20
951 Paul Gosslett's Confessions. 10
965 One of Them. First half. 20
965 One of Them. Second half. 20
989 Sir Brook Fossbrooke. Part I. 20
989 Sir Brook Fossbrooke. Part II. 20
1235 The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly. 20
1309 The Dodd Family Abroad. First half. 20
1309 The Dodd Family Abroad. Second half. 20
1342 Horace Templeton. 20
1394 Roland Cashel. First half. 20
1394 Roland Cashel. Second half. 20
1496 The Daltons; or, Three Roads in Life. First half. 20
1496 The Daltons; or, Three Roads in Life. Second half. 20

MRS. E. LYNN LINTON'S WORKS.

- 161 The World Well Lost. 20
563 Our Professor. 10
991 My Love. 20
1071 Todhunters' at Loanin' Head. 10
1165 Under Which Lord? 20
1510 Witch Stories (Collected by E. Lynn Linton). 20
1741 Ione Stewart. 20

L. W. M. LOCKHART'S WORKS.

- 376 Mine is Thine. 20
1211 Fair to See. 20

SAMUEL LOVER'S WORKS.

- 33 Handy Andy. 20
66 Rory O'More. 20
123 Irish Legends. 10
158 He Would be a Gentleman. 20
293 Tom Crosbie. 10

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON'S WORKS.

- 6 The Last Days of Pompeii. 20
587 Zano. 20
689 Pilgrims of the Rhine. 10
714 Leila; or, The Siege of Grenada. 10
781 Rienzi, The Last of the Tribunes. 20
955 Eugene Aram. 20
979 Ernest Maltravers. 20
1001 Alice; or, The Mysteries. 20
1064 The Caxtons. 20
1089 My Novel. First half. 20
1089 My Novel. Second half. 20
1205 Kenelm Chillingly: His Adventures and Opinions. 20
1316 Pelham; or, The Adventures of a Gentleman. 20
1454 The Last of the Barons. First half. 20
1454 The Last of the Barons. Second half. 20
1529 A Strange Story. 20
1687 Night and Morning. 20
1690 What Will He Do With It? First half. 20
1690 What Will He Do With It? Second half. 20

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS."

- 1401 Anne Furness. 20
1403 The Sacristan's Household: A Story of Lippe-Detmold. 20
1417 Mabel's Progress. 20
1475 Veronica. 20

T. B. MACAULAY'S WORKS.

- 926 The Lays of Ancient Rome, and Other Poems. 10
976 History of England. Part I. 20
976 History of England. Part II. 20
976 History of England. Part III. 20
976 History of England. Part IV. 20
976 History of England. Part V. 20
976 History of England. Part VI. 20
976 History of England. Part VII. 20
976 History of England. Part VIII. 20
976 History of England. Part IX. 20
976 History of England. Part X. 20

GEORGE MACDONALD'S WORKS.

- 455 Paul Faber, Surgeon. 20
491 Sir Gibbie. 20
595 The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood. 20
606 The Seaboard Parish. 20
627 Thomas Wingfold, Curate. 20
643 The Vicar's Daughter. 20
668 David Elginbrod. 20
677 St. George and St. Michael. 20
790 Alec Forbes of Howglen. 20
887 Malcolm. 20
922 Mary Marston. 20
938 Guild Court. A London Story. 20
948 The Marquis of Lossie. 20
962 Robert Falconer. 20
1375 Castle Warlock: A Homely Romance. 20
1439 Adela Cathcart. 20
1466 The Gifts of the Child Christ, and Other Tales. 10
1488 The Princess and Curdie. A Girl's Story. 10
1498 Weighed and Wanting. 20

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID'S WORKS.

- 478 Patty. 20
488 The Awakening. 10
833 Hester Kirton. 20
1006 Beside the River. 20
1195 Esau Runswick. 20
1279 Little Fiffine, and Other Tales. 10
1295 Poor Roger, and Other Tales. 10
1378 Mrs. Stretton's Friend, and Other Tales. 10
1684 Her Sailor Love. 20

LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE'S WORKS.

- 1105 Giannetto. 10
1641 Fascination. 20
1776 Dita. 10

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

- 1272 The Queen of the County. 20
1315 Margaret and Her Bridesmaids. 20

E. MARLITT'S WORKS.

- 453 The Princess of the Moor. 20
522 The Countess Gisela. 20
636 In the Schillingcourt. 20
866 The Second Wife. 20
878 In the Counselor's House. 20
1055 The Bailiff's Maid. 20
1210 Old Mamselle's Secret. 20

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S WORKS.

- 108 The Sea-King. 10
122 The Privateersman. 10
141 Masterman Ready. 10
147 Rattlin, the Reefer. 10
150 Mr. Midshipman Easy. 10
156 The King's Own. 10
159 The Phantom Ship. 10
163 Frank Mildmay. 10
170 Newton Forster. 10
173 Japhet in Search of a Father. 20
175 The Pacha of Many Tales. 10
176 Percival Keene. 10
185 The Little Savage. 10
192 The Three Cutters. 10
199 Settlers in Canada. 10
207 The Children of the New Forest. 10
266 Jacob Faithful. 10
273 Snarleyvow, the Dog Fiend. 10
282 Poor Jack. 10
340 Peter Simple. 20
898 The Mission; or, Scenes in Africa. 20
1070 The Poacher. 20
1116 Valerie. 20

FLORENCE MARRYAT'S WORKS.

- 110 The Girls of Feversham. 10
119 Petronel. 20
197 "No Intentions". 20
206 The Poison of Asps. 10
219 "My Own Child". 10
305 Her Lord and Master. 10
323 A Lucky Disappointment. 10
426 Written in Fire. 20
533 Ange. 20
635 A Harvest of Wild Oats. 20

OLD SLEUTH LIBRARY.

A Series of the Most Thrilling Detective Stories Ever Published!

The Following Books are Now Ready. Others of this Series in Preparation.

NO. 1.—OLD SLEUTH, THE DETECTIVE.

A dashing romance, detailing in graphic style the hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures of a veteran agent of the law.

NO. 2.—THE KING OF THE DETECTIVES.

In this story the shrewdness and cunning of a master mind are delineated in a fascinating manner.

NO. 3.—OLD SLEUTH'S TRIUMPH.

In two halves—10 cents each.

The crowning triumph of the great detective's active career is reached after undergoing many exciting perils and dangers.

NO. 4.—UNDER A MILLION DISGUISES.

The many subterfuges by which a detective tracks his game to justice are all described in a graphic manner in this great story.

NO. 5.—NIGHT SCENES IN NEW YORK.

An absorbing story of life after dark in the great metropolis. All the various features of metropolitan life—the places of amusement, high and low life among the night-hawks of Gotham, etc., are realistically described in this delightful story.

NO. 6.—OLD ELECTRICITY, THE LIGHTNING DETECTIVE.

For ingenuity of plot, quick and exciting succession of dramatic incidents, this great story has not an equal in the whole range of detective literature.

NO. 7.—THE SHADOW DETECTIVE.

In two parts—10 cents each.

This thrilling story is a masterpiece of entrancing fiction. The wonderful exploits and hair-breadth escapes of a clever law-agent are all described in brilliant style.

NO. 8.—RED - LIGHT WILL, 'HE RIVER DETECTIVE.

In this splendid romance, lovers of the weird, exciting phases of life on the teeming docks and wharfs of a great city, will find a mine of thrilling interest.

NO. 9.—IRON BURGESS, THE GOVERNMENT DETECTIVE.

The many sensational incidents of a detective's life in chasing to cover the sharks who prey upon the revenue of the Government are all described in a fascinating manner. This story will hold the reader spell-bound with interest from beginning to end.

NO. 10.—THE BRIGANDS OF NEW YORK.

This work is a startling exposé of the dangers of the great metropolis, and brings to light many hitherto hidden crimes perpetrated by the criminals of the city.

NO. 11.—TRACKED BY A VENTRILOQUIST.

In this story the wonderful art of ventriloquism is made to play a prominent part, and by its aid many a miscarriage of justice is avoided.

NO. 12.—THE TWIN DETECTIVES.

Through the wonderful congenital resemblance of the heroes, the scenes and incidents of this story assume a weird effect, and the interest is unabated to the last line.

NO. 13.—THE FRENCH DETECTIVE.

Those who are familiar with the work performed by Vidocq, Lecoq, and other eminent French officers, will find this book fully equal to anything written of them.

NO. 14.—THE ST. LOUIS DETECTIVE.

A tale of the great South-west, replete with all the stirring incidents peculiar to that section of the country.

The above works are for sale by all newsdealers at 10 cents each, or will be sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by the publisher.

GEORGE MUNRO, PUBLISHER,

P. O. Box 3751.

17 to 27 Vandewater Street, New York.

The Seaside Library

ORDINARY EDITION.

GEORGE MUNRO, Publisher,

17 TO 27 VANDEWATER ST.,

P. O. Box 3751.

NEW YORK.

The following works are for sale by all news-dealers, or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of 12 cents for single numbers, and 25 cents for double numbers, by the publisher. Parties ordering by mail will please order by numbers.

LIST OF AUTHORS.

EDMOND ABOUT'S WORKS.

196 Romance of a Brave Man.....	20
801 The Man with the Broken Ear.....	10
807 Captain Bitterlin.....	20
1203 Germaine.....	20
1880 Tolla: A Tale of Modern Rome.....	10
1457 The Fellah.....	10

WM. HARRISON AINSWORTH'S WORKS.

44 The Tower of London.....	20
313 Old St. Paul's.....	20
348 Mysteries of the Court of the Stuarts.....	10
360 Windsor Castle.....	10
490 Beau Nash; or, Bath in the Eighteenth Century.....	20
4228 Stanley Brereton.....	20
1333 The Constable de Bourbon.....	20

MRS. ALEXANDER'S WORKS.

30 Her Dearest Foe.....	20
36 The Wooing O't.....	20
46 The Heritage of Langdale.....	20
370 Ralph Wilton's Weird.....	10
400 Which Shall it Be?.....	20
532 Maid, Wife, or Widow.....	10
1231 The Freres.....	20
1259 Valerie's Fate.....	10
1391 Look Before You Leap.....	20
1502 The Australian Aunt.....	10
1595 The Admiral's Ward.....	20
1721 The Executor.....	20

THOMAS ALEXANDER'S WORKS.

667 Fish and Fishing.....	10
671 Game Birds.....	20

ALISON'S WORKS.

1673 Princess Charmian.....	10
1735 "So Near, and Yet So Far".....	10

F. ANSTEY'S WORKS.

1415 Vice Versa; or, A Lesson to Fathers.....	20
1449 The Black Poodle.....	10

BERTHOLD AUERBACH'S WORKS.

422 On the Heights.....	30
454 Little Barefoot.....	20
841 Brigitta.....	10
1239 Spinoza.....	20
1547 The Professor's Lady.....	10

MISS JANE AUSTEN'S WORKS.

819 Pride and Prejudice.....	20
836 Sense and Sensibility.....	20
956 Emma.....	20
987 Mansfield Park.....	20
1050 Northanger Abbey.....	10
1313 Lady Susan (with Illustration), and The Watsons.....	10

HONORE DE BALZAC'S WORKS.

410 Eugenia Grandet.....	10
1564 The Purse, and Albert Savarus.....	10

R. M. BALLANTYNE'S WORKS.

1140 Snowflakes and Sunbeams from the Far North; or, the Young Fur Traders.....	20
1729 The Red Eric; or, The Whaler's Last Cruise.....	10
1730 The Fire Brigade; or, Fighting the Flames.....	10
1731 Erling the Bold.....	10

MAGDALEN BARRETT'S WORKS.

366 Lester Ashland's Wife.....	10
547 The Banker's Daughter.....	20
555 Mother and Son.....	10

ANNE BEALE'S WORKS.

1358 The Miller's Daughter.....	20
1474 Simplicity and Fascination.....	20
1672 Idonea.....	20
1787 The Fisher Village.....	10

CUTHBERT BEDE'S WORKS.

514 Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green (150 illustrations).....	20
1061 Little Mr. Bouncer and his Friend Verdant Green.....	10

ADOLPHE BELOT'S WORKS.

845 The Strangers.....	20
876 La Grande Florine.....	20
882 The Parricide.....	20
934 Dacolard (Sequel to "The Parricide").....	20
1021 The Parisian Sultana.....	20
1036 The Thirst for the Unknown (Sequel to "The Parisian Sultana").....	20
1057 The King of the Gamblers.....	20
1078 The Black Venus (Sequel to "The Thirst for the Unknown").....	20
1111 Article 47.....	20
1191 The Woman of Fire.....	20
1353 Marguerite Lacoste; or, Fleur-de-Crime. Part I.....	20
1353 Marguerite Lacoste; or, Fleur-de-Crime. Part II.....	20

E. BERGER'S WORKS.

1178 Charles Auchester.....	20
1188 Counterparts; or, The Cross of Love. First half.....	20
1188 Counterparts; or, The Cross of Love. Second half.....	20

WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE'S WORKS.

236 Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.....	10
300 By Celia's Arbor.....	20
380 The Golden Butterfly.....	20
441 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.....	10
446 When the Ship Comes Home.....	10
700 The Seamy Side.....	20
702 Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight.....	10
726 Ready-Money Mortiboy.....	20
909 "Over the Sea with the Sailor".....	10
1104 The Chaplain of the Fleet.....	20
1167 The Captains' Room.....	10
1297 The Revolt of Man (by Walter Besant).....	10
1340 They Were Married!.....	10
1433 All Sorts and Conditions of Men: An Impossible Story.....	20
1448 The Case of Mr. Lucraft.....	10
1482 "Let Nothing You Dismay" (by Walter Besant).....	10
1487 The Humbling of the Memblings (by Walter Besant).....	10
1492 The Monks of Thelema.....	20
1623 The Ten Years' Tenant.....	10
1732 All in a Garden Fair: The Simple Story of Three Boys and a Girl (by Walter Besant).....	20
1748 A Glorious Fortune (by Walter Besant).....	10
1749 Uncle Jack (by Walter Besant).....	10
1754 Love Finds the Way, and Other Stories.....	10

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS' WORKS.

893 Forestalled.....	10
1260 Exchange No Robbery.....	10
1414 The Sylvestres; or, The Outcasts.....	20
1470 Kitty.....	20
1706 "Disarmed!".....	10
1714 Pearla; or, The World After an Island.....	20

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON'S WORKS.

1359 Railroad and Churchyard.....	10
1480 The Wedding-March.....	10
1546 Captain Mansana.....	10
1630 Synnøvé Solbakken. A Norwegian Tale.....	10

WILLIAM BLACK'S WORKS.

13 A Princess of Thule.....	20
28 A Daughter of Heth.....	10
47 In Silk Attire.....	10
48 The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton.....	10
51 Kilmeny.....	10
53 The Monarch of Mincing Lane.....	10
79 Madcap Violet (small type).....	10
604 Madcap Violet (large type).....	20
242 The Three Feathers.....	10
390 The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and The Maid of Killeena.....	10
417 Macleod of Dare.....	20
451 Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart.....	10
568 Green Pastures and Piccadilly.....	10
816 White Wings: A Yachting Romance.....	10

826 Oliver Goldsmith.....	14
950 Sunrise: A Story of These Times.....	20
1025 The Pupil of Aurelius.....	10
1032 That Beautiful Wretch.....	10
1161 The Four MacNicolis.....	10
1264 Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands.....	10
1429 An Adventure in Thule. A Story for Young People.....	10
1556 Shandon Bells.....	20
1683 Yolande.....	20

E. OWENS BLACKBURN'S WORKS.

954 The Glen of Silver Birches.....	10
1080 The Love that Loves Alway.....	20
1571 The Heart of Erin. An Irish Story of To-Day.....	20
1618 A Bunch of Shamrocks.....	10

R. D. BLACKMORE'S WORKS.

126 Erema; or, My Father's Sin.....	20
535 Lorna Doone.....	20
660 Cripps, the Carrier.....	20
754 Mary Anerley.....	20
769 Clara Vaughan.....	20
932 Cradock Nowell. First half.....	20
932 Cradock Nowell. Second half.....	20
984 The Maid of Sker.....	20
1131 Christowell.....	20
1236 Alice Lorraine: A Tale of the South Downs.....	20

GEORGE BORROW'S WORKS.

1368 Lavengro: The Scholar—The Gypsy—The Priest.....	20
1379 The Romany Rye (A Sequel to "Lavengro").....	20

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S WORKS.

26 Aurora Floyd.....	20
69 To the Bitter End.....	20
89 The Lovels of Arden.....	20
95 Dead Men's Shoes.....	20
109 Eleanor's Victory.....	20
114 Darrell Markham.....	10
140 The Lady Lisle.....	10
171 Hostages to Fortune.....	20
190 Henry Dunbar.....	20
215 Birds of Prey.....	20
235 An Open Verdict.....	20
251 Lady Audley's Secret.....	20
254 The Octoroon.....	10
260 Charlotte's Inheritance.....	20
287 Leighton Grange.....	10
295 Lost for Love.....	20
322 Dead-Sea Fruit.....	20
459 The Doctor's Wife.....	20
469 Rupert Godwin.....	20
481 Vixen.....	20
482 The Cloven Foot.....	20
500 Joshua Haggard's Daughter.....	20
519 Weavers and Weft.....	10
525 Sir Jasper's Tenant.....	20
539 A Strange World.....	20
556 Fenton's Quest.....	20
562 John Marchmont's Legacy.....	20
572 The Lady's Mile.....	20
579 Strangers and Pilgrims.....	20
581 Only a Woman (Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon).....	20
619 Taken at the Flood.....	20
641 Only a Clod.....	20
643 Publicans and Sinners.....	20
656 George Caulfield's Journey.....	10
665 The Shadow in the Corner.....	10
666 Bound to John Company; or, Robert Ainsleigh.....	20
701 Barbara; or, Splendid Misery.....	20
705 Put to the Test (Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon).....	20
734 Diavola; or, Nobody's Daughter. Part I.....	20
734 Diavola; or, Nobody's Daughter. Part II.....	20
811 Dudley Carleon.....	10
828 The Fatal Marriage.....	10
837 Just as I Am; or, A Living Lie.....	20
942 Asphodel.....	20
1154 The Mistletoe Bough.....	20
1265 Mount Royal.....	20
1469 Flower and Weed.....	10
1553 The Golden Calf.....	20
1638 A Hasty Marriage (Edited by Miss M. E. Braddon).....	20
1715 Phantom Fortune.....	20
1736 Under the Red Flag.....	10

CHARLOTTE, EMILY, AND ANNE BRONTE'S WORKS.

3 Jane Eyre (in small type).....	14
306 Jane Eyre (in bold, handsome type).....	20
162 Shirley.....	20

211	The Professor.....	10
329	Wuthering Heights.....	10
438	Villette.....	20
967	The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.....	20
008	Agnes Grey.....	20

RHODA BROUGHTON'S WORKS.

186	"Good-Bye, Sweetheart".....	10
269	Red as a Rose is She.....	20
285	Cometh Up as a Flower.....	10
402	"Not Wisely, But Too Well".....	20
458	Nancy.....	20
526	Joan.....	20
762	Second Thoughts.....	20
1727	Belinda.....	20

ROBERT BUCHANAN'S WORKS.

1135	The Shadow of the Sword.....	20
1289	The Martyrdom of Madeline.....	20
1506	Love Me Forever. A Christmas Carol in Prose.....	10
1752	God and the Man.....	20
1759	Annan Water.....	20
1809	The New Abelard.....	10

CAPT. FRED BURNABY'S WORKS.

448	On Horseback through Asia Minor.....	20
767	A Ride to Khiva.....	10

BEATRICE M. BUTT'S WORKS.

574	Delicia.....	20
605	Hester.....	10
856	Miss Molly.....	10
913	Passion Flowers.....	10
1554	Geraldine Hawthorne.....	20

B. H. BUXTON'S WORKS.

831	Jennie of "The Prince's".....	20
873	From the Wings.....	20
1108	Sceptre and Ring.....	20

ADA CAMBRIDGE'S WORKS.

486	My Guardian.....	20
1294	A Mere Chance.....	20

MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON'S WORKS.

182	Juliet's Guardian.....	10
356	Deceivers Ever.....	10

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY'S WORKS.

385	Wooded and Married.....	20
708	Nellie's Memories.....	20
949	Queenie's Whim.....	20
1815	Not Like Other Girls.....	20

CHRISTINE CARLTON'S WORKS.

1820	Muriel; or, Because of His Love for Her.....	20
1828	A Daughter of Italy.....	10
1830	Howell Farnsworth's Son.....	20

THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS.

952	Carlyle's Essays on Characteristics, Richter, Burns, Luther's Psalm, Schiller, and Memoirs of Mirabeau, with a Biographical Sketch of Thos. Carlyle by C. N. Williamson.....	20
957	Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude.....	20
973	Essays on Goethe.....	20

CERVANTES' WORKS.

691	Don Quixote. Illustrated. Part I.....	10
691	Don Quixote. Illustrated. Part II.....	10
691	Don Quixote. Illustrated. Part III.....	10
691	Don Quixote. Illustrated. Part IV.....	10
691	Don Quixote. Illustrated. Part V.....	10

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ'S WORKS.

419	Mademoiselle Saint-Maur's Lover.....	10
432	Jean Teterol's Idea.....	10
435	Samuel Brohl and Company.....	10

HENRY COCKTON'S WORKS.

259	Valentine Vox. Part II.....	20
259	Valentine Vox. Part I.....	20

WILKIE COLLINS' WORKS.

10	The Woman in White.....	20
14	The Dead Secret.....	20
23	Man and Wife.....	20
32	The Queen of Hearts.....	20
38	Antonina.....	20
42	Hide-and-Seek.....	20
76	The New Magdalen.....	10
94	The Law and The Lady.....	20
180	Armada.....	20
191	My Lady's Money.....	10
225	The Two Destinies.....	10
250	No Name.....	20
286	After Dark.....	10

409	The Haunted Hotel.....	10
433	A Shocking Story.....	10
487	A Rogue's Life.....	10
551	The Yellow Mask.....	10
583	Fallen Leaves.....	20
654	Poor Miss Finch.....	20
675	The Moonstone.....	20
696	Jezebel's Daughter.....	20
713	The Captain's Last Love.....	10
721	Basil.....	20
745	The Magic Spectacles.....	10
905	Duel in Herne Wood.....	10
928	Who Killed Zebedee?.....	10
971	The Frozen Deep.....	10
990	The Black Robe.....	20
1164	Your Money or Your Life.....	10
1544	Heart and Science. A Story of the Present Time.....	20
1770	Love's Random Shot.....	10

LUCY RANDALL COMFORT'S WORKS.

495	Claire's Love-Life.....	10
552	Love at Saratoga.....	20
672	Eve, The Factory Girl.....	20
716	Black Bell.....	20
854	Corisande.....	20
907	Three Sewing Girls.....	20
1019	His First Love.....	20
1133	Nina; or, The Mystery of Love.....	20
1192	Vendetta; or, The Southern Heiress.....	20
1254	Wild and Wilful.....	20
1533	Elfrida; or, A Young Girl's Love-Story.....	20
1709	Love and Jealousy (illustrated).....	20
1810	Married for Money (illustrated).....	20

REV. W. J. CONYBEARE AND REV. J. S. HOWSON'S WORKS.

730	The Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul. First half.....	20
736	The Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul. Second half.....	20

J. FENIMORE COOPER'S WORKS.

222	Last of the Mohicans.....	20
224	The Deerslayer.....	20
226	The Pathfinder.....	20
229	The Pioneers.....	20
231	The Prairie.....	20
233	The Pilot.....	20
585	The Water-Witch.....	20
590	The Two Admirals.....	20
615	The Red Rover.....	20
761	Wing-and-Wing.....	20
940	The Spy.....	20
1066	The Wyandotté.....	20
1257	Afloat and Ashore.....	20
1262	Miles Wallingford (Sequel to "Afloat and Ashore").....	20
1569	The Headsman; or, The Abbaye des Vignerons.....	20
1605	The Monikins.....	20
1661	The Heidenmauer; or, The Benedic- tines. A Legend of the Rhine.....	20
1691	The Crater; or, Vulcan's Peak. A Tale of the Pacific.....	20

GEORGIANA M. CRAIK'S WORKS.

252	Hard to Bear.....	10
506	Sylvia's Choice.....	20
543	Anne Warwick.....	10
798	Leslie Tyrrell.....	10
916	Faith Unwin's Ordeal.....	20
1157	The Cousin from India.....	10
1446	Esther Hill's Secret.....	20

JOYCE DARRELL'S WORKS.

1357	The Sapphire Cross.....	10
1765	Winifred Power.....	20

A. DAUDET'S WORKS.

557	Sidonie.....	20
561	The Nabob.....	20
578	Jack.....	10
719	Kings in Exile.....	20
1162	Numa Roumestan.....	10
1583	L'Évangéliste. A Parisian Romance.....	10

RT. HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD'S, WORKS.

255	Lothair.....	20
392	Vivian Grey.....	20
405	Henrietta Temple.....	20
884	Endymion.....	20
918	Tancred; or, The New Crusade.....	20
933	The Young Duke.....	20
969	Coningsby; or, The New Generation.....	20
983	Contarini Fleming. An Autobiography.....	20
994	Miriam Alroy.....	20
999	Venetia.....	10
1002	Ixion.....	10
1006	Sybil.....	20

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS.

20	The Old Curiosity Shop.....	20
100	A Tale of Two Cities.....	20
102	Hard Times.....	10
118	Great Expectations.....	20
187	David Copperfield.....	20
200	Nicholas Nickleby.....	20
213	Barnaby Rudge.....	20
218	Dombey and Son.....	20
239	No Thoroughfare (Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins).....	10
247	Martin Chuzzlewit.....	20
272	The Cricket on the Hearth.....	10
284	Oliver Twist.....	20
289	A Christmas Carol.....	10
297	The Haunted Man.....	10
304	Little Dorrit.....	20
308	The Chimes.....	10
317	The Battle of Life.....	10
325	Our Mutual Friend.....	20
337	Bleak House.....	20
352	Pickwick Papers.....	20
359	Somebody's Luggage.....	10
367	Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings.....	10
372	Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices.....	10
375	Mugby Junction.....	10
403	Tom Tiddler's Ground.....	10
498	The Uncommercial Traveler.....	20
521	Master Humphrey's Clock.....	10
625	Sketches by Boz.....	20
639	Sketches of Young Couples.....	10
827	The Mudfog Papers, &c.....	10
860	The Mystery of Edwin Drood.....	20
900	Pictures From Italy.....	10
1411	A Child's History of England.....	20
1464	The Picnic Papers.....	20
1558	Three Detective Anecdotes, and Other Sketches.....	10

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE."

449	More Bitter than Death.....	10
618	Madolin's Lover.....	20
656	A Golden Dawn.....	10
678	A Dead Heart.....	10
718	Lord Lynne's Choice; or, True Love Never Runs Smooth.....	10
746	Which Loved Him Best.....	20
846	Dora Thorne.....	20
921	At War with Herself.....	10
931	The Sin of a Lifetime.....	20
1013	Lady Gwendoline's Dream.....	10
1018	Wife in Name Only.....	20
1044	Like No Other Love.....	10
1060	A Woman's War.....	10
1072	Hilary's Folly.....	10
1074	A Queen Amongst Women.....	10
1077	A Gilded Sin.....	10
1081	A Bridge of Love.....	10
1085	The Fatal Lilies.....	10
1099	Wedded and Parted.....	10
1107	A Bride From the Sea.....	10
1110	A Rose in Thorns.....	10
1115	The Shadow of a Sin.....	10
1122	Redeemed by Love.....	10
1126	The Story of a Wedding-Ring.....	10
1127	Love's Warfare.....	20
1132	Repented at Leisure.....	20
1179	From Gloom to Sunlight.....	20
1209	Hilda.....	20
1218	A Golden Heart.....	20
1286	Ingledew House.....	10
1288	A Broken Wedding-Ring.....	20
1305	Love For a Day; or, Under the Lilacs.....	10
1357	The Wife's Secret.....	10
1393	Two Kisses.....	10
1460	Between Two Sins.....	10
1640	The Cost of Her Love.....	20
1664	Romance of a Black Veil.....	20
1704	Her Mother's Sin.....	20
1761	Thorns and Orange-Blossoms.....	20

RICHARD DOWLING'S WORKS.

896	High-Water Mark.....	10
929	Under St. Paul's.....	20
1152	My Darling's Ransom.....	10
1477	Last Christmas Eve.....	10
1563	Sweet Inisfail. A Romance.....	20

ANNA H. DRURY'S WORKS.

683	Called to the Rescue.....	20
823	The Story of a Shower.....	10

F. DU BOISGOBEY'S WORKS.

709	Old Age of Monsieur Lecoq. Part I.....	20
709	Old Age of Monsieur Lecoq. Part II.....	20
1062	The Severed Hand (La Main Coupée).....	20
1123	The Crime of the Opera House. First half.....	20
1123	The Crime of the Opera House. Sec- ond half.....	20